

PUCK AND DUCK

COMPLETE
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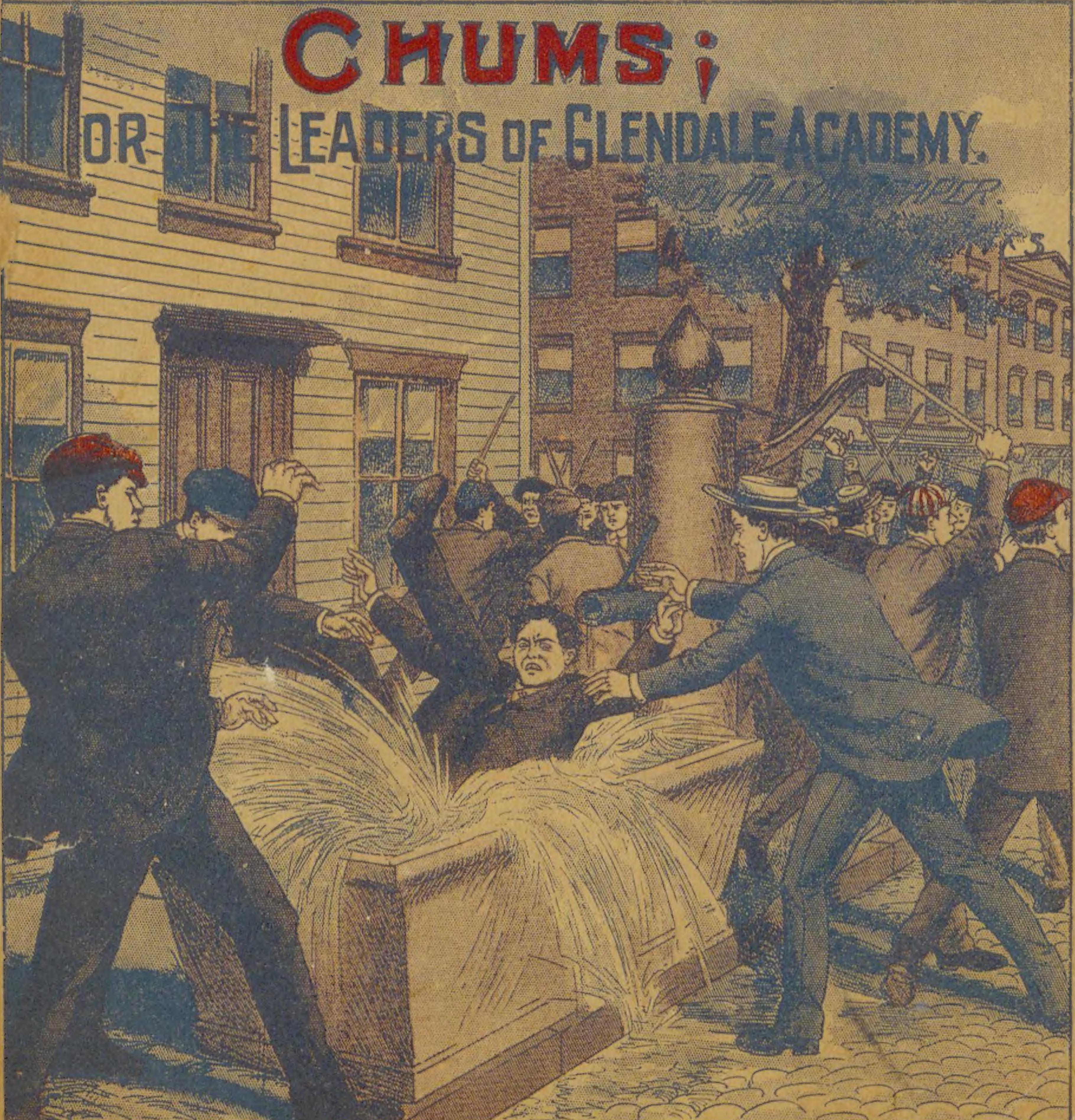
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No. 1282

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1922

Price 7 Cents

CHUMS; OR THE LEADERS OF GLENDALE ACADEMY.



Dropping their victim all in a heap into the horse-trough in front of the spout, the Academy boys grasped their canes firmly, made one grand rush, broke through the line of the Dales, reached their vehicle in a body, and drove off.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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CHUMS

OR, THE LEADERS OF GLENDALE ACADEMY

By ALLYN DRAPER

CHAPTER I.—An Ancient Feud.

Between the boys of Glendale Academy and the town boys there was the bitterest kind of rivalry. The academy was a large boarding school situated on a hill three miles from the center, and attended by boys from out of town. Occasionally one of the town boys was entered there, but the others made it so unpleasant for him that he was glad to return to the high school attended by all the town boys. The principal, and indeed the owner also, of Glendale Academy was a stranger in the town, having no interest in it outside of the academy, and that was sufficient to condemn him in the eyes of the townspeople.

The trouble all began with Major Goodhugh, the richest man in Glendale. He had had his eye on the academy property for some time, when along came Mr. Liveretts and bought it under his very nose. The major owned the only lumber yard in town, but instead of patronizing him Mr. Liveretts bought all his lumber in another town, and had it brought to his site, at a saving of one-quarter on the price. That also incensed the major, but when Mr. Liveretts put up a building large enough to accommodate all his pupils, the major was still further aggrieved. He owned the two largest boarding-houses in the town; if the academy boys had boarded there he could have increased the annual rent of the same, and thus have added to his income. These were not the only grievances which Major Goodhugh held against Mr. Liveretts, however. The major was running for member of the Legislature from the district, and he solicited the vote of Mr. Liveretts, likewise his influence, to assist in his election.

Mr. Liveretts replied that he took no interest in local politics, and that the major must look elsewhere for assistance. Then the major said that Mr. Liveretts was a pedantic old pedagogue, and that instead of doing the town good by having his academy there, he was hurting it. He bought his household supplies in the city, hired his help from the place, did not even advertise in the Glendale paper, owned principally by the major, and even his boys went oftener into the neighboring town of Hillside than they did into Glendale, when they wanted to buy anything. The major thus started the opposition to Mr. Liveretts and the academy, and the Glendale boys carried it on, annoying the academy boys whenever they had a chance. The latter were as

clannish as the town boys, and retaliated upon them as often as an opportunity offered. Every year the rivalry between the two sets of boys increased in vigor, so that now, at the time my story opens, no academy boy ever thought of going into town alone, and, on the other hand, the Glendale boys never ventured in the woods or on the hills near the academy unless in considerable numbers.

Wayne Rawlins, a young fellow from the State of New York, had just come to the academy a week or so after the opening of the fall term, and of course knew nothing of the feud between the Hills and the Dales, as the two factions were called. Mr. Liveretts had failed to receive word that Wayne was coming, and had not therefore sent any conveyance to the railroad station to meet him. Wayne asked one or two cabmen if they were going up to the academy, but they all replied in the negative, although they went away from the station with empty coaches. Finally he said to a young fellow of about his own age who was standing near:

"I say, is there a livery stable in the town? I want to go to Glendale Academy."

"You won't get anybody here to take you," returned the other, in a surly tone.

"Why not?"

"Because the academy fellows are all no good, and nobody but a cad would go there."

"See here, my friend," said Wayne hotly, "I'm going to the academy, and one of my chums is there now, and I won't have——"

"Then you're a cad, too, and I hope you'll have to walk your low-lived legs off before you——"

The young fellow said no more, and for a very good reason. Wayne had suddenly reached forward, seized the fellow's rather prominent nose between two of his gloved fingers, and had given it a most unmerciful tweak.

"There! that's what I think of you!" said Wayne, and releasing his insulter's nose he removed his glove, slapped the fellow in the face with it, and then threw it in the road, saying contemptuously:

"I have no more use for anything that has been so soiled as that has."

Then he picked up a little hand-valise and walked away, never bestowing a second glance at the fellow he had so severely punished. The latter was Hub Stacy, Major Goodhugh's nephew, the airiest young fellow in town, and the ac-

nowledged leader of the Dale boys. Smarting with pain and rage, he allowed Wayne to walk away unmolested, but presently recovering himself, he muttered:

"I'll get even with that fellow yet. That makes one more against the academy crowd."

Picking up the glove which Wayne had thrown away, he examined it closely, then folded it compactly and put it in his pocket, muttering:

"This will come handy some day, my lad. You mark your gloves on the inside with your initials, do you? I'll remember you by this, and when next you see it you will remember me, too, I fancy."

Manwhile Wayne had started away at a brisk pace toward the academy, which, he had been told, was about three miles distant.

"I won't patronize 'em," he muttered. "I could hire a team and drive myself without telling them where I was going, but I wouldn't give 'em a cent now, the duffers! I hope that impudent young swell will remember the slap I gave him. I thought him a gentleman, and I'm a regular muff not to have had better judgment."

An hour later Wayne arrived at the academy, finding the boys all at play on the lawn just within the gates.

"Hallo, Will!" he called out to a handsome young fellow of his own age and build, whom he saw approaching, "what sort of a hospital town have you got down there, when I can't get a coach, although there are plenty standing idle?"

"Bless me, Wayne, is it you?" cried the other, hurrying forward and grasping the newcomer by the hand. "Why, I didn't think you were coming till next week."

"I wrote you that I was coming to-day. Haven't you got the letter?"

"Of course not, or somebody would have met you. Come, let me introduce you. Boys, this is my especial chum, and soon to be chums with you all, I hope, Wayne Rawlins."

"You don't mean that you had to walk?" asked a young fellow whom Wayne's chum called Borden.

"Yes, I did, but I'll walk every time rather than spend my money there. Why, I hadn't been there five minutes before I had to pull a young fellow's nose for insulting me."

"You did? Pull a Dale's nose? Well, well, that will be heard from, and don't you forget it."

"He said I was a cad, Will, and that you were, and all the fellows here, and I tweaked his nose for it."

"What sort of fellow was he?" asked Borden.

"About my age and height, dressed in a brown check, big watch chain, patent leathers, and light brown derby."

"Hub Stacy, as I'm a sinner! Well, Wayne, you're in for it. He's the cock-of-the-walk down there, and his crowd will never sleep till they get even with us. The fight will be worse than ever now!"

"What fight?"

"The one between us fellows and the town boys. It's war to the knife already."

"And you've been here a week and never told me a word about it, Will."

"Why, I wrote you yesterday, telling you all about it."

"Ha, and I didn't get it, of course. Never mind,

Will; lad, we'll be chums together, and if Mr. Hub Stacy and his crowd want fight we'll give 'em all they can swallow!"

CHAPTER II.—The Adventure At the Circus.

It was not long before all the academy knew that Wayne Rawlins had pulled the nose of Hub Stacy, the bully of the town, and in the same time Wayne had heard from Will Knowlton, his chum, all about the feud between town and academy. Wayne was liked at once by the boys, for he was a natural leader, was afraid of nothing, was at the head of all his classes, was as loyal a friend or as open an enemy as one could wish, and was ready for fun at any time. Two or two days after Wayne's arrival at the academy a traveling circus and menagerie was billed to appear in Glendale, and a number of the academy boys agreed to attend the afternoon performance, going out at night being strictly prohibited. The party from the academy numbered about twenty-five, including the largest and strongest boys, for trouble was apprehended, this being the first time that any of the academy boys had been to the town since Wayne's little adventure.

Each boy carried a stout cane, presumably to give himself a stylish appearance, but really for offensive or defensive use, as it might happen. The boys went down in a big stage belonging to the academy, and occupied one whole section of the reserved seats, where they quietly awaited the beginning of the performance. The section next to theirs was occupied by a number of young ladies and a party of boys, among them whom Will pointed out to Wayne the leading spirits of the Dales.

"There's Hub Stacy; you know him, I suppose, and Dick Niles, and Tom Cutts, and Hen Dunks, all big guns, and then there's a lot of others, small fry, whose names I don't know, only that they belong to the town crowd."

"They seem pretty quiet now," whispered Borden, "and maybe there won't be any trouble."

"You bet there won't while our crowd is bigger than theirs," chuckled Joe Preston, the acknowledged wit and practical joker of the academy.

The reserved seat sections rapidly filled up, and as the town boys increased in numbers, so did the demonstration against the academy fellows.

"Cad, ca, C-A-D, cad!" they began to shout, looking toward Will, Wayne, Borden and the rest.

"Keep quiet, fellows," whispered Wayne. "Any fool can shout, but when it comes to business, muscle wins."

By the time the band began playing the great tent was well filled with people, and the buzz of conversation was heard on all sides. The band ceased playing for an instant, and then the old curtains at one side parted, and a troop of lords and ladies, knights, esquires, pages and jesters rode in and made the circuit of the ring. After performing numerous evolutions the cavalcade rode away, and then the ringmaster and Mr. Merryman held a brief conversation, in which several ancient witticisms were given an airing.

"Can you tell me, sir," said the ringmaster, "what you would do if you had a boy that was good for nothing?"

"Send him to the academy," said the clown, who had been posted.

The town boys howled at this, and clapped their hands uproariously.

"That's a fool's opinion, and only fools can take it in!" cried young Preston, in a clear, shrill voice, heard throughout the tent.

This time the Dales were silent, while the Hills made all the noise.

"Good for you, Prest," said Wayne. "Give him another."

"No, I wouldn't do that," said the ringmaster, "I'd send my bad boy to the high school to—"

"So's he wouldn't be lonesome," cried Preston.

The man had intended to say something quite different, and the unexpected rounding of his sentence produced a roar from the academy fellows.

"Hum!" said the clown. "Let me give you one. Why are the Dales so green and fresh when—"

"Because they're born so!" piped up Preston. "Green and fresh is very good."

Mr. Merryman had meant to say something very nice for the town fellows, but the young joker had ruined it.

"Open your chestnut barrel, Petey," called out Preston, when the laugh had subsided. "New jokes fly too high for you to reach."

There was another roar, and Mr. Merryman confined himself to the ancient puns and stale witticisms he knew so well. One act succeeded another, until the cage of performing lions was brought into the ring. There was a hush of expectancy throughout the great pavilion as the lion tamer, clad in red velvet and fleshings, with a light whip in his hand, ascended the little ladder to the cage, swung back the door, and stepped inside. No one knew exactly how it happened, but presently the lion tamer was seen lying prone on the floor of the cage, the door was burst open, and the huge male lion had escaped into the ring and was preparing for a spring at the rows of seats, one above another. There was a hasty stampede, screams arose from the women, many of whom fainted, and those who did not seek safety in flight seemed frozen with fear.

There was a rush of a mighty body through the air, and the lion landed almost at the feet of a pretty young lady, who had just arisen and was glancing wildly around her. Her companions had fled, and now the lion was about to spring upon her, his green eyes fascinating her, while his huge tail moved to and fro in steady vibrations, his sharp teeth parted as though ready to meet in the flesh of his victim. In another instant a young fellow armed only with a stout stick, had leaped across the aisle and thrown himself in front of the huge beast. Without an instant's hesitation he brought the stick with a resounding whack down upon the lion's nose, raining blow after blow in quick succession upon his mouth and eyes.

"Stand back!" he commanded, seizing the stick with both hands, and actually breaking it across the animal's head.

Some of the attendants now came hurrying to the scene, armed with iron bars, pitchforks and clubs. The great beast was already cowed, however, and as he slunk away and was driven to his cage, a clear voice arose above the din:

"Hurrah for Wayne Rawlins! That's the kind of stuff the academy boys are made of!"

It was Preston who spoke, and a deafening cheer from all parts of the tent followed his words. Wayne flushed to the eyes, and then turned toward the young lady, who was standing as pale as death, a few feet behind him, just where she had been when the lion had made his spring.

"You do not care to remain?" said Wayne, lifting his hat. "You will let me take you to your friends? They will doubtless feel alarmed for you."

"Yes," almost whispered the girl; and Wayne, taking her arm, conducted her from the tent.

As they passed through the entrance to the fresh air outside, the girl seemed to recover her strength, and said sweetly.

"Let me thank you for what you have done before we go further. It did not seem as if I could breathe till now. You took a fearful risk for my sake."

"I would take it again this moment, if it were necessary," said Wayne, blushing. "Are these your friends approaching?"

Two or three young ladies and as many more young fellows now approached, the girls overwhelming their friend with lamentations. Wayne still held the young lady's arm, when a young man came forward and said impudently:

"I'll trouble you to leave this young lady, if you please. No academy boor is fit company for ladies."

Wayne turned white and red by turns as he bit his lip, and replied:

"You evidently did not think your own company good enough for her, Mr. Hub Stacy, since you were the first to run when she was in peril."

"Shame on you, Hubbard!" cried the girl, flushing. "This gentleman saved my life. Let me again thank you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Rawlins," said Wayne. "Say no more if you please. Mr. Stacy and I can settle any little differences we may have at another time and place."

A number of the academy boys now came hurrying up and Wayne's praises were heard on all sides.

"By Jove, old man," said Borden, "this'll make the Dales madder than ever. Their biggest gun runs away while one of the academy boys saves ——"

"The daughter of Major Goodhugh, the grand pajandrans of all Glendale," added young Preston.

"Hub's cousin, too," said Knowlton, "and if the old women tell the truth, engaged to him."

"It's a big thing for you, Wayne."

"And what a knockdown for Hub!"

"I would have done the same thing if she had been the poorest woman in town," said Wayne. "Her peril meant the peril of us all, and I never stopped to think who she was."

"That's all right," laughed Preston, "but somehow or other it's always a young and pretty girl that the hero of a novel saves."

"Let's go back to the tent," said Borden. "There's no use in missing the rest of the show."

"That old clown's unshaven jokes may soothe us after the late excitement," chuckled Preston. "Come on."

"The thing is nearly over by this time," said

Wayne. "We might as well get back to our stage so as to avoid the crowd. Come ahead, boys."

"He doesn't care to have any more ovations," whispered Knowlton to Borden. "He's as modest as he is brave."

"It's the biggest thing any of our fellows has done yet," answered Borden, "and the academy may well feel proud of him."

CHAPTER III.—The Fire at Simpkins's—A Lively Scrimmage—A Grave Accusation.

Glendale Academy did indeed feel proud of Wayne Rawlins, as Borden had said it ought, and Mr. Liveretts himself said to the boys, at the next session:

"Young gentlemen, I have heard of what occurred yesterday, and I wish to thank you all, Rawlins especially, for your good conduct. It is by such deeds as these, rather than by the unseemly riots in which you sometimes engage that the good name of Glendale Academy is to be sustained."

"Let the Hills rejoice and the Dales be cast down," whispered the mischievous Preston to Knowlton.

"Shut up, Preston," said Will. "You never can be serious."

"Let him alone, Will," said Borden. "We are all chums together, and it was young Preston who raised the first cheer for Wayne yesterday."

"So you did, young fellow," said Knowlton, smiling, "and you downed the Dales, too. Don't let us forget that."

The adventure at the circus was not forgotten, although other events no less exciting came crowding along just then. That evening just at dusk as a dozen or more of the academy boys were coming down the hill back of the house, young Preston, glancing in the direction of Glendale, cried out suddenly:

"I say, boys, what's that down by the bend of the road?"

Even as the boys looked a bright red glow appeared, and then a puff of black smoke.

"It's a fire!" cried Knowlton. "Come on, chums, let's go and see it."

"The thing'll be burnt down before you can get to it," said Preston.

"No, it won't," answered Borden. "I know a shortcut. Come ahead."

No one stopped to think that they were not permitted to leave the school bounds at this hour, but all followed Borden as he leaped a low wall, dashed across the road and hurried along a path leading through a pasture lot on the hill-side. Wayne, Will, Borden, Preston, Inslee, and nearly a dozen others, went flying down the hill hats in hand, their jackets flying out straight behind them, first one taking the lead and then another while all kept well together.

"It's getting brighter," said Knowlton. "What is it? Old Simpkins's hay barn? Looks like it."

"Yes, and the little cottage where his men live is right behind it," added Borden, "with the wind blowing in that direction."

"My, what a blaze!" cried Preston. "They'll never save it."

"Stop here and look at it, fellows," exclaimed Wayne. "We can't do any good. The men must know the place is on fire by this time."

"And there are the fire engines," added Knowlton. "Do you hear the bells? Come on, let's go down there, anyhow, even if we can't save anything."

Borden led the way along the path, skirted a little strip of woods, turned sharply to one side, sprang down a ledge, leaped a fence, and reached the road again two hundred yards from the burning barn. The flames now lighted up the sky all around them, and great masses of black smoke, studded with glowing sparks, rolled away toward the hills. Several men were now seen hurrying from the little house in the rear, and the rumbling of the fire engines as they came lumbering up the hill mingled with the shouts of the boys. Suddenly, as the boys came nearer, a sound was heard from the burning barn that made the boys' hearts stand still, it was so terrible. It was like the cry of someone in distress, in deepest agony, and no one could hear it unmoved.

"There's someone inside," cried Wayne, dashing forward. "Come on, chums, we must save him."

"The horses!" yelled one of the men. "I forgot all about 'em."

"Are there horses in there?"

"Yes, a couple in the lower part. The hay is stored above."

It was now quite dark, but the flames, bursting through the roof and upper windows of the building, threw a bright glare over the scene.

"Which way?" asked Wayne, hurrying toward the barn, the intense heat nearly blistering his face.

"On the other side!" cried the man.

Wayne ran around to the side indicated, and here he faced the wind before it reached the fire and felt greatly relieved. There was a small door on that side, and as the man dashed it open Wayne sprang inside. Not far away he saw a stall where two horses were prancing and leaping in a vain struggle to break their halters, while their affrighted cries sounded almost human. Fiery particles were falling on all sides like rain from the lofts above, while the heat was nearly stifling, the smoke being carried away, fortunately, by the wind.

"Steady, old fellows, steady!" cried Wayne, pulling off his jacket, as he hurried toward the stall.

The animal nearest him was kicking so violently that it would have been madness to enter the narrow space he occupied. Springing to the top of the partition, however, Wayne dropped over the side, right upon the frightened animal's back. Then, clapping his jacket over the creature's head, he spoke soothingly to him and at the same moment whipped out a pocketknife and cut the halter, which prevented the frightened animal from escaping. Wheeling him sharply about, the boy struck the animal a sharp blow on the flank with his open hand, and headed him straight for the open door. In an instant he was outside, and Wayne leaped from his back, returned his coat, and said:

"Did you get the other out?"

He was almost knocked down by the second

animal, which now came dashing out of the burning barn followed by the man who had gone in with Wayne. The fire engines had now arrived, a line of hose was laid to a well near the little house and the men began working at the old-fashioned brakes, one side up and the other down alternately.

"Come on, boys, let's give 'em a lift," cried Wayne, starting toward the engines.

"We don't want no 'cademy toughs helping us," blustered the foreman. "We can get along better without yer than with yer."

"There'll be a hot fire kindled for you one of these days," retorted Preston, "and then you'll be glad enough to have the academy boys throw water on you, but there won't be any of them in your district."

"Come on, chums," cried Wayne, "there's plenty to do without wasting words on the brute."

The boys now carried out all that was valuable from the house which might be saved, while the firemen worked away at the barn, which it was impossible to prevent from being utterly destroyed.

"They might as well try to put out a volcano with a garden hose," said Preston, contemptuously.

Then he and the rest of the academy boys went upon the roof of the house and spread down horse blankets, bed-quilts, and anything else they could find, saturating them with water which was passed up a pailful at a time.

"Here, if you fellows want to do any good," shouted Wayne to a number of firemen who were standing idly by, "turn a stream on the house. You can't save the barn now."

"We don't take orders from no academy swell," retorted one of the men. "You just mind your own business."

"If you minded yours," retorted the sarcastic Preston, "you might be of some use, perhaps; but now you're no good whatever."

"I say, boys," whispered Wayne on the roof to those nearest to him, "those fellows won't try to save the house, now, just to spite us. What do you say to capturing their engine and working it ourselves?"

"Capital!" cried Knowlton. "There's enough of us."

"Come on, then," whispered Wayne, "and make a break all together when I give the word."

The firemen were still engaged in the hopeless task of endeavoring to subdue the fire in the barn, which was a veritable living furnace, which nothing but a flood could extinguish. Suddenly there was a ringing shout, and fifteen or more strong, lusty fellows rushed upon them, crying out:

"Hurrah for the chums! Bully for the aacdemy!"

Scarcely a minute had passed before the firemen were driven away, and the engine captured and rolled around to the other side. Then the brakes were set to work again, up and down, up and down, while Wayne, butt in hand, directed a stream upon the house, now at the roof, now at the walls, till all chances of its taking fire had passed. The firemen made one or two abortive attempts to capture their engine, but the boys proved too strong for them, or maybe they did not relish having a four-inch stream of

water turned suddenly upon them, and they finally desisted.

"There, you soreheads," said Wayne, at length, signaling the boys to cease work on the brakes, "the academy boys have shown you how to do things properly, and now, if you like, you can finish. Take your clumsy old machine. It isn't good for much. Wait till you see the elegant one the academy fellows will have."

The boys now retired, the barn having fallen, and there being little danger of the house taking fire. Wayne saw Hug Stacy glaring at him as he walked toward the road; but no words passed between them. The academy boys had won the battle, and their number was now augmented by so many newcomers that the town fellows came to the very wise conclusion that it was better to let them alone. They returned to the house as soon as the danger had passed, and Mr. Liveretts said nothing about their infraction of the rules, since they had behaved so nobly at the fire. They had not heard the last of the matter, however. The next day, shortly after school had been opened, Mr. Liveretts was told by one of the servants that a gentleman wished to see him. Almost immediately a man whom the boys recognized as the sheriff of Glendale came into the large schoolroom, followed by a deputy, a rough-looking fellow with a hang-dog look and very dirty hands.

"Mr. Liveretts," said the sheriff, "it pains me to perform the duty I have to perform, but business is business and duty is duty, and what I have to perform I must perform."

"Quite a performance for him," muttered Preston.

"Please state your errand, sir," said Mr. Liveretts.

"Well, sir, suspicion points to one of your young gentlemen as the incendiary what set fire to a house and barn last night. What one of 'em has the letters W. K., for their name?"

"That stands for Will Knowlton," said the young fellow, standing up.

"Then, Master Will Knowlton, I have a warrant for your arrest, charged with wilfully setting fire to the house and barn owned by Jonas Simpkins, on the Glendale road. Mr. Liveretts, I charge you to see that the prisoner does not escape."

CHAPTER IV.—A Case That Did Not End At All to Major Goodhugh's Liking.

"Haven't you made a mistake, my dear sir?" asked Mr. Liveretts of the sheriff. "Mr. Knowlton materially assisted in extinguishing the fire that you accuse him of having caused."

"All that I know is that I've got a warrant for his arrest, and it's all made out straight and regular."

"He will have to submit to an examination, then, I suppose."

"He'll have to stay in jail till his trial comes on," growled the officer.

"It was said in town that Major Goodhugh owned the sheriff as well as several other things, and Mr. Liveretts was astute enough to detect the hand of the Glendale magnate in this as well as in other acts aimed against the school. Will

Knowlton said nothing, but Wayne, rising in his seat, said excitedly:

"If you please, sir, Knowlton worked as hard as any one to put the fire out, and besides, he was with the rest of us when it was discovered. Freston saw the fire, and Knowlton was with us, and had been every minute since suppertime, so he could not have had time to go down there and back and have the fire only break out when it did."

"If you please, Mr. Rawlins," said the principal, "your friend is not on trial, and your defense of him is as unnecessary as it is generous."

"I'm here to enforce the law and to take the prisoner into custody," growled the sheriff, jingling a pair of handcuffs ostentatiously.

"You are here to do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Liveretts, coldly. "You are obliged to take reasonable security against the escape of the young gentleman against whom your warrant is issued, but you are obliged also to accept good and sufficient guarantee of his appearance if offered. I will be responsible for Mr. Knowlton's appearance and will appear with him before a magistrate this afternoon."

The sheriff was a bully, but the cool attitude of Mr. Liveretts awed him, and he growled out something about keeping watch upon the premises until the prisoner was delivered to him.

"You will do nothing of the sort, sir, and if you remain here it is as a trespasser. Your warrant seems to be regular, although not very definite. However, we will let that pass. I offer myself as security for Mr. Knowlton's appearance and you must accept me. If not—"

"Well?" growled the sheriff.

"I will resist the execution of the warrant as not being properly made out. It is issued from Glendale, Dale County, but perhaps you are aware that Simpkins's place, where the offense charged took place, is just over the boundary of Hill County."

The sheriff was nonplussed. Clearly Mr. Liveretts knew considerably more than he did, and was more than a match for him in diplomacy as well as topographical knowledge. The boys could scarcely restrain a cheer, but Mr. Liveretts silenced them by a sharp rap on his desk, and then said to the sheriff:

"Tell Justice Moreland, who is sitting at present, to be ready for us at three o'clock this afternoon. Young gentlemen, we will resume the regular order of exercises."

The sheriff felt as if he had been totally crushed. He had been dictated to instead of dictating and had then been coolly dismissed, as of no further importance. Mr. Liveretts was master of the situation, however, and nothing was left for the discomfited sheriff to do but to retire as gracefully as possible.

"Mr. Knowlton," said the principal, when the officer had departed, "you will be in readiness to accompany me to Glendale this afternoon as soon as school is out. If any others desire to go and offer their evidence the stage will be put at their disposal."

This ended the matter and nothing more was said on the subject. In the afternoon Mr. Liveretts drove to Glendale, taking Will with him, and went at once to the office of Judge Moreland, where he found the sheriff, Major Goodhugh, and

several prominent citizens of the town already present. Wayne, Preston, Borden, and a score of the academy boys went to see how the affair came out, and the little courtroom was crowded. Justice Moreland opened the case at once by saying:

"Mr. Sheriff, will you please state the charge against this young gentleman?"

"The prisoner, Young Honor—"

"Hardly a prisoner yet, Mr. Sheriff," interrupted the judge. "This is merely a preliminary examination. You might say the 'accused,' perhaps."

"He is charged with wilfully setting fire to the barn owned by Jonas Simpkins, and this glove which he cannot deny was his property was found there soon after the fire was discovered by one of the men in the house next to the barn."

"Who found the glove?"

"Harvey Stokes."

"Step up, Mr. Stokes."

A rough-looking man, whom the boys had recognized as one of those at the fire, stepped up to the railing and deposed to the finding of the glove just inside the barn a few minutes after the discovery of the fire. He also testified to having seen a young man who, he thought, belonged to the academy, prowling about the place an hour or so before that.

"Do you see him here now?" asked the judge.

Stokes immediately pointed out Will, while the sheriff, and, in fact, all the Glendale people, looked triumphant. Hub Stacy occupied a front seat in the room, frowned and looked puzzled.

"What bull is this?" he muttered. "That isn't the fellow at all."

"You say the glove was found in the barn?" asked Mr. Liveretts.

"Yes, and it belongs to the accused," answered the officer.

"How do you know it does?"

"It has his initials on it."

"Will you allow me to see it?" said the principal, addressing the magistrate, not the sheriff.

"Certainly, sir," and the glove—a brown kid one for street wear—was passed to Mr. Liveretts.

The latter examined it inside and out, and then said:

"You claim that this glove belongs to Mr. Knowlton, do you?"

"Yes."

"Then what do the letters 'W. R.' stand for, pray?"

"It's 'W. K.' not 'W. R.' at all."

"Excuse me, but the second letter is an 'R,' and I submit it to your honor to—"

"The glove belongs to me, Mr. Liveretts," said Wayne, coming forward, and here is the mate to it."

"Ha, he walked right into the trap," mused Hub Stacy, with an evil smile.

"I would certainly take it for an 'R' myself," said the justice, examining the glove, "although it is somewhat blurred."

"The glove is mine," declared Wayne, producing the left one, "and if you please, I would like to tell you how I lost it."

"Arrest him!" cried Major Goodhugh. "He is the incendiary."

"He's only doing this to try and clear his chum," growled the sheriff.

"Order!" cried the judge. "Do you swear that this is your property, Mr.—Mr—?"

"Rawlins, Wayne Rawlins, your honor. The glove is certainly mine. I lost it a few days ago under the following circumstances."

"That has nothing to do with the case," cried the major. "The case is perfectly clear against —"

"Mr. Goodhugh, this is a court of justice, not a room of the Spanish inquisition," interposed the judge. "Proceed, Mr. Rawlins."

Major Goodhugh was very much incensed, and naturally. To be thus rebuked was bad enough, but to be stripped of his title and be called plain "Mister" was an insult added to the injury already done him.

"The major evidently doesn't own the court," whispered Preston to Borden. "I wonder how that happens?"

"Upon my arrival in town," continued Wayne, "a certain young man of Glendale saw fit to insult me gratuitously, for which I first pulled his nose and then slapped his face, throwing away the glove with which I did the latter. The glove is here, and so is the young man, and there he sits. Perhaps he can explain how it comes to be in evidence."

Wayne pointed straight at Hub Stacy, the latter turning scarlet, in confirmation of the young fellow's direct evidence.

"'Rah, 'rah, academy!" said all of the academy boys in a low tone.

The judge rapped sharply, and said:

"Remember, sir, you are under oath."

"I am not likely to forget it, your honor. The glove may have been found where Harvey Stokes says he found it, but neither I nor Will left it there. During the two hours previous to the fire we were on the academy grounds."

The magistrate put a few more questions, and then said:

"The case is dismissed. It is a case of mistaken identity, to say the least, and there is not the slightest evidence against the accused."

"I charge those young russians with stealing a fire engine," growled Major Goodhugh.

"The case does not come within the jurisdiction of this court, Mr. Good—"

"Major Goodhugh, sir, confound it!" roared the irate magnate. "I was an officer in the army, I want you to understand, Mr. Justice Moreland!"

"Case dismissed," said the other, quietly.

"I can have my property, I presume, your honor?" asked Wayne.

"Certainly."

"That is, if Hub Stacy has no further use for it," said Preston, laughing.

Young Stacy glared savagely at the academy fellows, and hurriedly left the courtroom.

"My boys," said Wayne, to Will and a few others, as they were leaving the court, "that was the prettiest little case of conspiracy I ever saw. I can't put all of the pieces of the little puzzle together as yet, but when I do, let Mr. Hub Stacy look out for himself."

"The thing was fixed up for your benefit, evidently," said Will, "and I could see that Hub was rattled when I was arraigned instead."

"That glove racket was very nicely done, and

if he hadn't got the letters wrong, it wouldn't have been so easy to upset the job."

"Do you suppose Hub Stacy put the glove there?" asked Borden.

"I am not supposing anything at present," said Wayne, lightly. "I'm looking for evidence, not theories."

The boys now came into the street, and, as Wayne and Mr. Liveretts drove up, shouted uproariously:

"'Rah, 'rah, academy! Up with the Hills and down with the Dales!"

The cry was repeated again and again until the boys were out of hearing and Wayne smiled as he thought that this was only another bitter draught of the many that Major Goodhugh and his sycophants were obliged to swallow from time to time.

"Wait till old Moreland comes up for reelection," growled the major, as he walked away.

"The thing was a fizzle," muttered Hub Stacy, "but I have not done with Mr. Wayne Rawlins yet."

Perhaps it would have been just as well for Mr. Hubbard Stacy to let Mr. Wayne Rawlins grow wiser by experience.

On the way back to the academy a team was seen coming like mad toward them. Wayne saw they were running away and sprang at the horses' heads, grasping the bits and after being dragged several hundred feet succeeded in stopping the steeds, when to his surprise who should be lying prone upon the floor of the carriage but the same girl he had rescued from the lion a few days before—Miss Ollie Goodhugh. The coachman had been thrown out some distance back, so Wayne drove the team to the village. As they entered the town Wayne saw there was considerable excitement going on, and that it was a row between the Hills and Dales. The Hills had hold of Hub Stacy and they were advancing toward the horse trough with him. Dropping their victim into the trough, the Academy boys grasped their canes, made one grand rush, and broke through the ranks of the Dales, reached a stage which was standing there and drove off.

In the meantime Wayne had driven Ollie Goodhugh to her home. In a little while her cousin Hub Stacy came in a bedraggled condition from his souse in the horse trough. He ordered Wayne, who had entered the house on the invitation of Ollie, to get out of the house, but received a piece of the girl's mind before Wayne made his departure.

The next day Wayne received a letter from Miss Goodhugh that she wanted to see him and that a carriage would be waiting to meet him at the Academy gate that evening after retiring hours at the Academy. Wayne was not a suspicious boy, so thought everything was all right and left the Academy at the time stated and found the carriage waiting at the gate with a coachman on the box who, after Wayne was seated, drove off rapidly.

CHAPTER V.—Preston Starts Off On A Search.

Young Preston was sleeping quietly, when he suddenly awoke and sat up in bed with the name of Wayne Rawlins on his lips. All was dark in the room, and no one was to be seen.

He listened for a few moments, and then heard a sound like the sudden slamming of a door, and then the noise of carriage wheels.

He arose, went to the window, raised the sash and looked out, but, although he could see nothing, he could distinctly hear the sound of wheels going in the direction of the town.

Then, dismissing the matter from his mind, the young fellow went back to bed and was soon asleep. He thought no more about it until the next morning, when Wayne failed to appear at breakfast.

"Hallo! Rawlins off on a racket, eh?" he thought, "I would not have expected it of him."

When school assembled Rawlins was still absent, and Mr. Liveretts asked if he were sick, and if anyone had seen him. No one had, and his room was found vacant, his bed being untouched.

"I wouldn't have supposed he'd stay so late," thought Preston, "and run the risk of being found out. I thought he was too clever for that."

He said nothing to the principal of what he had heard, however, having no desire to get his chum any further in trouble. There was a recess of half an hour at half-past ten, and young Preston went out with the rest. Scarcely knowing why he left the grounds and went into the road, and there, not a hundred feet from the gate, he saw a crumpled piece of paper lying in a rut. Out of curiosity merely, he picked it up, smoothed it out, and saw that it was a note addressed to Wayne.

"Hallo!" he cried, for he saw its purport at a glance, "that's what took him off, is it? I wonder what's up? Why, he has known her scarcely a week. What a coarse hand she writes for a fashionable young lady!"

Nothing had been heard from Wayne by noon, however, and when the boys went in to dinner Mr. Liveretts questioned them more closely than before concerning their associate's disappearance. Preston held his peace, but after dinner he took out the note and examined it more minutely than he had previously done.

"Well, if I ain't a mutton-head!" he declared. "It's lucky for Wayne that he dropped this thing when he got into the carriage last night. What an idiot I was not to catch on before. Ollie Goodhugh never wrote it any more than I did. It isn't a girl's writing at all! it's a man's, and disguised. I'll bet a dollar it's all some dirty plot cooked up by Hub Stacy to get Wayne into trouble. Gee, if I had only known of this last night! What a lot of time has been wasted!"

The boy had formed a sudden resolution, and he needed only the opportunity to carry it out. Seeking out Knowlton and Borden, he laid the case before them without delay. The three boys left the house at once, and were fully a quarter of a mile away from it when they heard the bell ring for afternoon school. Reaching Glendale, Preston proposed that they go at once to Major Goodhugh's house and ask for Miss Olive. The servant who answered the summons told them that the young lady had gone to the city an hour previous, and would not return for a week.

"Did Hub go, too?" asked Preston.

"No, sir; Master Hubbard went to school as usual."

"What shall we do next?" asked Knowlton, when they had reached the public square.

Before the others could answer, a carriage suddenly passed them, and in it were Ollie Goodhugh and her father.

"That girl lied to us," said Preston.

At that moment the boys heard a shout, and then saw twenty or thirty of the Dales rushing upon them from behind.

"By George! I forgot about the recess," said Preston. "We shall have to run for it, boys."

"Follow me!" said Preston, dashing across the street.

The Dales spread out so as to cover the main thoroughfare, but Preston had no intention of trying to break through the line. Instead, he plunged down a narrow alley on the other side, entered another street, and rushed into another narrow lane, closely followed by his companions. In ten seconds more they came to a high board fence, which shut off all retreat. Without a word Preston scrambled up the fence like a cat, followed by the other two, and dropped over upon the other side. The two latter were just in time to see their young comrade crawling between two high piles of lumber ten feet distant, and they at once followed.

"What's up now, Prest?" asked Will.

"Sh! They may follow us, and we are safe for the present."

Then, with a sign to remain where they were, Preston left his companions and crawled along thirty or forty feet between the two lumber piles till he reached a point where they joined overhead, shutting out his view of the sky, but still leaving him room to make his way further. Presently, however, the passage took a turn, and brought up against a rough shed where there was barely room for a child to creep through. At that moment Preston heard voices on the other side of the shed wall, not a foot away.

"He's all right for the present," said someone, "so you need not fret."

"Yes, but he ought to be got away to-night," was the answer in surly tones.

Preston was almost betrayed into uttering an exclamation of astonishment, for the second speaker was Hen Dunks, Hub Stacy's boon companion. He was about to give some sort of signal for his companions to join him when he heard a quick step in the shed, and a voice said excitedly:

"Three of the Hills are in town looking for their chum, and we've got to get him away at once."

The speaker was Harvey Stokes, the man who had claimed to have picked up Wayne's glove at the time of the fire at Simpkins'.

CHAPTER VI.—In A Tight Place.

It did not require a great amount of imagination to convince Preston that Wayne was the subject of conversation of the persons in the shed. Harvey Stokes had sworn falsely at the examination, and now, being in company with Hen Dunks, it was easy enough to connect him with any scheme that meant harm to Wayne.

"You fellows have got to manage things," said

the man whom Preston heard first speak, and whom he now recognized as the sheriff.

"If you can get hold of 'em, Fletch," said Dunks, "you can keep 'em for assault, and that'll stop 'em from making any noise."

The three then moved away, and peering through a chink in the partition Preston could just catch sight of them disappearing through the door of a small building used as an office by the company who owned the yard. Hurrying back to where he had left his companions, Preston informed them of the condition of affairs, and added:

"We can make a break for it if necessary, and get out at the gate of the lumber-yard; but then we won't find out where Wayne is."

Preston crept out of his hiding-place, and seeing no one in sight when he obtained a view of the shed and office, whistled to his chums to follow him. They advanced boldly, and seeing the open gate at last made a sudden dash for it. As they passed the office they heard a shout, and the sound of pursuing footsteps. They increased their speed, and Preston, being ahead, succeeded in getting outside of the gate just as two big fellows leaped forward from behind a pile of boards. The young fellow easily dodged them and escaped, but Knowlton and Borden were not so fortunate. Knowlton and one of the men came together violently, and were thrown against Borden, who being detained for a moment, was captured by the sheriff.

"I want you, young feller," said the officer, clapping his hands on Borden's shoulder. "There's a charge of assault against you, and I've got a warrant."

By this time Will had been seized by Harvey Stokes and one of the outsiders, and was prevented from escaping.

The two prisoners were led out of the lumber-yard down a narrow street for some distance, and then into a tumble-down two-story house, which seemed to be unoccupied.

"That is not the lock-up," Will thought to himself. "This is merely a plot to keep us from helping Wayne."

Borden thought the same thing, but he held his peace, resolving to keep his eyes and ears open, and trust to good fortune to make a speedy escape from the place. Stokes and another man took Will to a room on the top floor in the rear, and after tying him hand and foot, left him, locking the door behind them.

His hands had been tied behind his back, but it was an easy matter to pass his feet through his arms, and so bring them in front of him. After this he brought them to his head and began working at the knots with his teeth. The cord was too thick to bite through, but the knots were not tight on that very account, and at the end of five or ten minutes he succeeded in loosening them to such an extent that he was able to draw out one hand and both were then free. After this it was a work of but a few moments to remove the cords about his ankles, when he was free to move about, a decided advantage over his former hampered condition. There was one window in the room, and it was secured by heavy wooden bars nailed to the framework outside, the sash being nailed as well, so that it could not be raised.

"I'll soon settle that," said Will, as he raised his foot and demolished a pane of glass.

Then, removing the jagged edges, he put his hand through the opening and tested the strength of the wooden bars.

"I can't wrench it off, but I might force it if I could get my shoulders against it," Will mused, as he discovered that one of the bars was looser than the rest.

He accordingly demolished another pane, together with the division between it and the first, which gave him room to work in. Placing one foot upon the sill, he braced himself against the window frame and threw all his weight upon the loose bar. There was a sudden crash, the bar flew from its fastening, and Will felt himself falling through the window headlong toward the ground, thirty feet below.

CHAPTER VII—How An Interesting Conversation Was Brought To A Sudden Conclusion.

When Wayne Rawlins left the academy in the carriage which he found awaiting him at the gate, he had not the least doubt that Ollie Goodhugh had sent for him and that she needed his assistance. As he sat on the back seat while he whirled rapidly toward town he was able to give the matter more thought than he had done during the day, and to look at it in a calmer light.

"After all, it seems to me rather a romantic thing for a girl to do, to send for a fellow to come to her, no matter how late. Is there no one to advise her? The letter was sent this morning, and surely, in all that time, she could have found someone to tell her what was best to do. It seems less reasonable than it did at first. Wayne, old man, I'm afraid you've been led away by your admiration for that young lady, and have made somewhat of a donkey of yourself."

However, having entered upon the adventure, he was bound to follow it to the end, and as he came to this conclusion, the carriage entered the town and went rattling down a narrow street in by no means the most fashionable quarter. The carriage suddenly stopped and Wayne sprang out, expecting to see the elegant mansion of Major Goodhugh before him. Instead of that he found himself in a dark and narrow street close to a miserable looking dwelling, which seemed hardly a fit abode for the rats.

"Why, what is this? Surely the young lady has never come to such a hole as—"

Before he could finish the sentence someone seized him from behind, threw a heavy sack over his head, while his arms were held closely to his side. He could not speak or move, and in this condition he was carried into the house, down a flight of stairs and left in a dark, damp cellar, cold and foul-smelling, where not a ray of light penetrated. The sack was removed from his head and shoulders, but his feet and hands were securely tied and a gag put in his mouth, and, thus secured, he was left by his captors, whom he heard locking a door at the head of a flight of stairs at one end of the cellar. He was sitting on a rough bench placed against the wall, and, as there was no light in the place, he had to judge everything by his other senses.

Rising to his feet, for he was not so securely bound as to prevent his walking, he moved slowly along close to the wall, counting his steps, until he came to an obstruction. This was a wall running at right angles to the first, and he followed it, still counting his steps, till he reached a wall parallel to the first. He had taken about ten steps in the new direction, when his foot came in contact with an obstruction of some kind. Feeling with his foot he discovered that it was the lower step of a flight of stairs which he had come upon.

"Hallo, here are stairs, eh?" he thought. "The cellar seems to be about twenty feet wide and about thirty from one corner to these steps, which, I suppose, are in the rear of the house. The door at the top is locked, of course, but I may be able to hear what is going on nevertheless."

"I seem to have fallen into a trap instead of going to the assistance of a young lady in distress. Can it be that she has allowed herself to be made the tool of—pshaw! I don't believe it!"

Wayne discovered that there were sixteen steps in the flight, and that the top of the last one formed the sill of the door. This was of stout wood with heavy hinges and a strong lock, all of which Wayne discovered by means of his hands, even though they were tied behind him.

"I might be able to pick that lock if I could get my hands free," he mused, "and perhaps that is the first thing I ought to think of."

He remained on the top step listening at the key-hole for half an hour, but hearing nothing he descended, felt his way along the wall to the bench and sat down. He thought that he might be able to pass his hands on either side of his leg and thus bring them in front of him, but his arms were too tightly bound for that, and after several futile attempts he gave up the attempt. The only thing he was able to do was to loosen the gag in his mouth, and finally got rid of it altogether by moving his jaws and tongue, and his relief, although small in comparison, was a welcome one.

"I can talk at any rate," he observed, "though I don't think it will be of much use to me, for this place is probably out of hearing of any friends of mine if I called for help, and I don't care to attract the attention of my enemies any more than is necessary."

At last, feeling that he could do nothing more for the time being, and being somewhat tired besides, Wayne stretched himself out on the bench and was soon asleep. He was awakened some time later, how long he knew not, by voices which, apparently, were in the cellar. Sitting up, he saw that a sort of half light entered at the rear, sufficient to enable him to see anyone that might be in the place. He was alone, however, and yet the voices continued with remarkable clearness, the reason of which he soon discovered. The cellar was unceiled, the rough beams supporting the floor above being decidedly free of lath or plaster.

"Ho! I wonder if those fellows know that, thought Wayne. "Probably not, or they wouldn't talk so freely."

"He's to be took away, as soon as convenient," said a voice, "an' hustled on board a ship going

to China or Australia, or the deuce only knows where."

"But you don't find no ships sailing from these ports, Harvey."

"Of course not, but what's the matter with taking him to York or Boston and shipping him?"

"Nothin', but it'll want to be done soon. Don't you suppose he'll be missed?"

"Of course, but it'll be easy to prove that he's run away. We would 've got him off on the early freight, but he didn't start as soon as we expected."

"Then you'll have to wait till to-night, I suppose?"

"Yes, unless we can get him full, dress him rough, and send him off in charge o' someone what can tell a good story."

"A pretty plot, if it isn't all humbug," mused Wayne. "I wonder if Hub is in this thing? I didn't think he had nerve enough. It must be just a hoax, and these fellows know that I can hear every word."

Just then, as he stood up, so as to be nearer the speakers and not lose a word, some particles of dust from the beam above fell into Wayne's nostrils, and caused him to sneeze violently two or three times in succession. He heard a few startled expressions, the overturning of a chair, hasty footsteps overhead, and then the slamming of a door, after which there was silence.

"Confound that unlucky sneeze," muttered Wayne. "Perhaps the thing is not a hoax after all, and now the fellows will be on their guard, not knowing how much I may have overheard."

He suspected that someone would come before long, to bring him food and drink, but hour after hour passed, and all was silent above and around him, except that now and then he heard the confused noises in the street common enough in towns, but offering him no consolation or hope of escape. The light which came in at the rear, through a dusty window, securely nailed down, showed him the flight of time, and noon had long passed before he heard the least sound which indicated that his privacy was to be broken upon.

CHAPTER VIII.—From One Trouble to Another.

Will Knowlton was in a bad fix, and he quickly realized it. He had exerted too much strength in forcing out the wooden bar nailed against the window-frame, the result being that he suddenly pitched headlong toward the ground. He threw out his arm wildly and caught one of the bars just as he expected to be dashed to the ground below. This stopped his descent, but threw him entirely out of the window, and left him hanging by one arm directly above a pile of bricks, loose stones and broken glass. He quickly seized the bar with his other hand, and then, resting one foot against the wall, so as to throw his body outwards, he looked beneath him. It was fully thirty feet to the ground, and to fall on his feet was almost as bad as if he had made his first headlong plunge.

"Well, I'm not much better off than I was at first," he mused, "even if I am outside. I wonder what I can do to get out of this."

Glancing to the left he saw that there was another window ten feet away and a foot or so lower than that from which he was hanging. On the right, however, three feet from the outer edge of his window, a waste-water pipe ran down the side of the wall to the ground. Calculating the distance with his eye, Will lowered himself to the window sill and then moved along till his right hand was on the very edge. Holding on by his left hand he stretched out his right and found that he could just touch the pipe. Then, putting his fingers in a crevice between two bricks, he held on until he had quickly shifted his left hand, when he was enabled to seize the pipe with his right. It was then the work of a moment to swing off from the window sill, clutch the leader with both hands, and slide rapidly to the ground.

His hands and knees were considerably bruised by his quick decent, but he was not otherwise injured, and he began at once to seek for a way to escape. Behind him was a high building which looked out upon the yard of that whence he had escaped, the other two sides being guarded by high board fences. In the building itself was a door leading, evidently, to a cellar, and a foot above his head, on the left of the door, a small window closed with a single swing sash like a shutter.

"Let me see," mused Will; "this door leads to the cellar, I suppose, and the window to a hall above. I must see where Borden is; first of all, and I think the house is the most likely place to find him."

Reaching up, he found he could open the window with no difficulty, and then, drawing himself up with both hands, and inserting his toes in the chinks of the wall, he looked at the opening. There was a narrow hallway in front of him, but the window was rather a tight fit, and he had some trouble in getting through. He finally succeeded, dropping upon his feet inside, and listening cautiously for any suspicious sounds, he advanced toward the front of the house. His absence had not been discovered apparently, and after listening a few minutes he ascended the flight of stairs leading from the front of the house to the floor above. The rear room of this floor was vacant, as Will observed by peeping through the keyhole, but the front one had an occupant.

"Sh! Borden, are you tied?" whispered Will, through the keyhole.

"Who's that?" answered Borden, from within.

"Will; I thought it was you. I managed to get away and I'll do the same for you."

At that moment confused sounds were heard below. Someone was coming upstairs, and a gruff voice exclaimed:

"One of 'em has got away! We'll have to work lively with the other."

"Stand close to the door," whispered Will, "and we'll spring at him when he comes in. Get a bedslat or somthing."

"We'd better meet him in the hall," answered Borden. "He won't come in if he sees the door smashed."

"Right you are, Hud. Come on," and Will was outside in a moment.

The man on the stairs saw him, and shouted to someone below to hurry up.

"Come on, Borden," hissed Will, as he dashed for the head of the stairs.

"This way," cried Will, as he ran towards the front door.

It was locked, but the key was in place, and in an instant the door flew open.

"Here we are!" cried Will, as he dashed out.

A horse and cart stood on the curb, evidently waiting for someone, and as soon as Knowlton saw them, his plan was formed.

"Come on, Hud!" he cried to Borden, as he sprang into the cart.

The cart was a small, clumsy affair used for carrying dirt, and the horse was more noted for strength than for speed, but at that moment there was not time to be particular in these things. As Borden sprang into the cart, Will grabbed the reins, gave the horse a stunning blow on the flank with the loose ends, and called to him to get up. Away he dashed, the cart rattling and jolting over the badly paved street, while Knowlton slashed away and urged the clumsy beast to his full speed. Dunks, Stokes and the stranger came tumbling out of the house and started in pursuit.

"Stop thief!" roared Dunks.

"Stop 'em!" bawled the stranger.

"Down with the Hills! Dales on deck!" yelled Stokes.

People came rushing out of the houses on both sides of the street as the cart dashed by, and the greatest confusion prevailed. Men and boys joined in the chase, and, as the cart reached a wider street, a party of town and high school boys came in sight.

"Down with the cads!" roared Tom Cutts.

"Give 'em fits!" added Dick Niles.

"Go for 'em!" cried Jim Jackson, noted as being the biggest ruffian in town.

Neither he nor his followers went to the high school, but he was a sworn ally of Hub Stacy and his fellows, and was called upon whenever there was likely to be a fight.

"Come on, fellows!" cried Jackson, who was nearly a man in size, as he seized a stone. "Give it to the kid gloves!"

Will lashed the horse, and away went the clumsy cart, jolting and bouncing, the enemy scattering right and left, but taking up the chase at once. Stones, clubs, and brickbats were hurled at the fugitives, and it seemed a wonder that they were not hurled from the cart. Both Will and Borden lost their hats, and both received several bruises from the flying missles, but there was no stopping them now, and Will plied the lash harder than ever. On came the crowd of boys and men as Will turned his horse down a side street leading to the railroad which crossed it two hundred feet further on. When the track came in sight Will lashed the tired beast more furiously, for a long freight train was approaching and would stop at the corner, thus blocking the way. Horse and cart dashed across the track not ten feet in front of the train and then the horse fell exhausted, while the train went thundering past. Will and Borden leaped from the cart, followed the track as far as the passenger station, and then took the road to the academy just as dusk was coming on, and the baffled Dales

and their ruffianly confederates were beginning to abandon the chase.

But they were not to reach the Academy just at present. As they approached a dense clump of trees they heard voices behind them, and stepping to one side in the shadow two men approached along the road. They were talking about all the swag they would get at the Academy. They were evidently burglars. Just as they got opposite the two boys one struck a match to light a pipe and the glare revealed the boys. Instantly the burglars sprang upon the boys and overpowered them, binding them hand and foot and carrying them to trees, bound them to them. Then the burglars proceeded on their way.

When Joe Preston rushed out of the lumber yard to follow Hub Stacy's cronies, it was thought by Joe that they would lead him to Wayne Rawlins. The men entered a tumble-down house and Preston took up his stand in the shadows. The men had brought some food for Wayne and untied his hands so he would eat, after which they left him locked up but not bound. Preston, after waiting for some time, entered the house and rescued Wayne from his confinement and both boys set out for the Academy. It was near midnight and just as they were about to enter the Academy they saw two men coming through a window with bags which they dropped to the ground. Suspecting they were burglars, Wayne hissed to Preston:

"Ring the side doorbell. Wake up all hands before the fellows escape."

Preston proceeded to do this while Wayne seized the two bags of plunder just as the two burglars jumped to the ground and advanced toward him.

CHAPTER IX.—The Burglars Routed.

The frantic ringing of the bell had alarmed the servants of the house, and now Preston's shrill voice was heard calling:

"Thieves, help, thieves!"

The two burglars rushed upon Wayne, determined to seize their plunder and make their escape, but the young fellow had planned otherwise. He still had the knife which he had secured while a prisoner in the cellar at Glendale, and this he drew quickly and made a lunge at the first man who advanced. The burglar received an ugly cut upon the wrist at the very moment when he had drawn a knife with which to attack the plucky young student. Wayne slashed at the man a second time, and then, springing to his feet, dealt a blow straight from the shoulder, which took one of the burglars in the jaw, and sent him sprawling over backwards. The other dashed past Wayne, upset young Preston, who was still pulling vigorously at the bell wire, and rushed out into the academy grounds and escaped. Mr. Liveretts, two or three of the instructors and several servants now came hurrying to the scene with lights, and the burglar whom Wayne had floored was captured as he was endeavoring to escape. Mr. Liveretts heard the stories of the two boys, and then said:

"Considerable credit is due you for having frustrated the designs of the robbers, but that does

not excuse you for your violation of the rules of the school. You may retire now, and in the morning I will investigate the matter further."

The captured burglar, who proved to be one Pete Parsons, had meanwhile been securely bound and locked in a closet to await the arrival of the police, and quiet once more reigned in the academy. Borden and Knowlton were found in the woods the next morning by some of the servants who had gone out to track the escaped burglar, and their account of the affair was added to those already given by their chums. Mr. Liveretts sent a messenger to bring a constable from Hillside instead of sending to Glendale, and this further incensed the townspeople against him. They declared that their sheriff and constables were as good as the Hillside officers, and that the principal employed others just so as to give Glendale another slap in the face.

"Boys," said Wayne, when they were discussing the matter of his abduction, "I don't know what his motive was, but Mr. Hub Stacy was concerned in this affair."

"Hub Stacy!" cried Will. "Why, he never appeared once."

"Here is some of his property, then," said Wayne, producing a fine linen handkerchief marked with Hub's name in full. "It was stuffed in my mouth as a gag, and I appropriated it the first chance I got. Now, I say that we ought to capture Hub Stacy, just for a lark this time, and hold on to him till his cronies pony up handsomely."

"Do you mean pay for his ransom?" asked Borden.

"Yes, in this way: make him confess who it was set Simpkins's barn on fire, and who was at the bottom of the plot against me."

"And suppose he won't confess anything?"

"Then we'll have him arrested for the assault on Preston last winter, and send him to jail."

"The first thing to do is to catch him," said Will.

"I'll promise to do that if you fellows will help," answered Wayne.

"Of course we will!" shouted all the chums.

"Then it's settled," said Wayne, "and Hub Stacy is as good as taken."

CHAPTER X.—A Lively Game of Hare and Hounds.

"I say, boys, we have a half holiday. What do you say to having a rattling-game of hare and hounds?"

Young Preston made the proposition as the boys of Glendale Academy came out of school one noon a day or so after the robbery. Mr. Liveretts had been called away to a neighboring town on business, and had given the boys the rest of the day to themselves. He had imposed no prohibition except that they were not to go into Glendale, the entire county, with that exception, being open to them.

"First-rate plan, young fellow," said Wayne. "I want to see more of the country than I have done so far."

The others all were in favor, and Preston and Wayne were chosen as the hares, while the rest

of the boys, with Borden as master, took the part of hounds. Then Wayne and Preston procured two big bags and filled them with paper torn into square bits as large as one's hand, to scatter along the line so as to leave a scent for the hounds. They were to be given a start of five minutes, and the chase was to last all the afternoon, provided the hares were not overtaken before that time. It was exactly one o'clock when Wayne and Preston dashed across the lawn and sped toward a low stone wall, which they leaped at a bound. The assistant principal held a watch in his hand and watched the hands move across the dial.

"Ready!" he presently said, and the boys put their right feet forward. "Go!"

Borden blew a blast on his horn, and away went the pack of boys, some over the wall, and some through the gate. The chase led straight up a steep hill back of the house, then along a ridge at the top, and then down a slope so precipitous that many of the hunters preferred going around to following the exact course. Borden led, and, sliding, running, and tumbling, the boys followed him. The trail was clear enough, the paper having been scattered with a lavish hand. The boys were all attired in their oldest clothes and Knowlton carried a stout stick to push aside the flying limbs and beat down the briars. The leaders went sliding down the hill, but a number of the boys went around, some of them declaring that they knew where Preston had gone, and could intercept him. At the bottom of the hill nearly a quarter of a mile below, the hunters came to a brook, into which Knowlton nearly fell in his haste, and here the trail was lost.

"Which way now?" asked Will.

"That's for us to determine. You will do well if you catch sight of those fellows. Preston never takes to the open country if he can avoid it, and then when you least expect it."

"There's a bit of paper floating on the water," cried Will. "The current runs this way, and so they must have gone the other, or we would not see the paper."

"There's another bit, lodged at the bank," cried Borden, taking a few steps, and then he blew his horn again to call the hounds together.

There were traces now in abundance, and Borden congratulated himself in having recovered the trail so quickly. Half a dozen of the hounds now joined him and Will, and the scent was taken up with renewed zeal. Borden suddenly stopped, and cried excitedly:

"The little scamp! I might have known it."

"What?" asked Will.

"He's laying a double trail for us. He has sent Wayne along the track he means to follow, and has come this way himself, and has finally doubled and rejoined Wayne, and has got a long start of us."

"How do you know he has?"

"Because there are two trails, one going and the other coming. See here," and Borden pointed to the other side of the brook. "Don't you see the paper in those bushes and in the water close to the bank?"

"Yes."

"Then we must return to where we struck the brook and not go further out of our way. We'll save time that way."

A few minute later they found the place where Preston had rejoined Wayne, and once more the trail became easy to follow. Taking the general course of the brook, it ran on for a thousand feet or more from this point, and then suddenly paused on the edge of a deep ravine, where was an almost sheer descent of a hundred feet.

"Well!" muttered Will. "Where do we go next?"

"Into the Devil's Den," said Borden, "the wild-est spot in all the county."

CHAPTER XI.—A Hot Chase and A Strange Escape.

"I think that we fooled them well that time, Wayne. I have just heard Borden's horn again, and we've got a good lead."

"You are certainly a brick at this sort of thing, young fellow—but where are you going to next?"

"I'm going to make 'em think I'm going to the Devil's Den, but I'm not going there, all the same."

"The Devil's Den, eh! That must be a cheerful locality."

"It's one of the prettiest places in the county, and I don't see why they want to give it such a chump of a name."

Wayne and Preston had reached the edge of a deep ravine and paused a while to listen for the sounds of pursuit. The trees grew thickly, and their arching branches obscured the light of the sun so that a perpetual twilight hovered over the spot. On one side was a dense thicket, and on the other the bank of the ravine descended almost perpendicularly to a distance of one hundred feet, the steep declivity being broken here and there by a stout bush, a projecting ledge or a stunted tree.

"Where is the Devil's Den you speak about?" asked Wayne.

"At the bottom of the ravine. The brook we left a while ago runs into it and disappears under an arch of rock and comes out no one knows where."

"And you are going down there?" asked Wayne, with a strange shudder, as he looked down.

"No, only part of the way. It isn't so hard to go down as it looks."

"I fancy that the coming up will be the most difficult part of it," said Wayne.

"Not a bit of it. Hark! That's Borden blowing his horn, and getting the fellows together. We have no time to lose."

The little fellow then began to climb down the steep bank, fastening a bit of paper on a bush here, sticking one in the crevice of a rock there, and dropping them as he went down.

"It looks terribly dangerous, Prest," said Wayne. "Don't go any further. Drop some of the papers upon the next ledge and come up again."

"Oh, I'm all right, old fellow. I'll go down to that—"

As he spoke, the limb upon which he was leaning as he lowered himself, suddenly broke with a sharp crack. He fell ten or twelve feet upon a ledge of rock covered with moss, slipped and descended five or six feet further, where he paused, looking terribly white.

"Good heavens, he is killed!" cried Wayne, hurrying to his young chum's assistance.

Scrambling and sliding down the bank he reached Preston's side, felt of his pulse, put a hand on his forehead, and asked anxiously:

"How is it, old chap? Are you all right?"

"I just got the least bit of a scare," answered Preston, "but I don't think I've broken anything. Let's go up and strike off to the north. There are some wild places there that will bother the fellows to find us in."

As the boy arose to his feet, however, he slipped again and slid nearly thirty feet before he came to a stop against a ledge of gray rock. Wayne hurried after him, and said as he reached his side:

"We'd better keep on down to the bottom, make our way along the bank of the stream, and so back again to where we left it. It can be done, can't it?"

"Yes, by going through the old quarry, I think, but it's pretty risky."

"We can't get back now without being seen, and anyhow, I don't think it's wise to try it."

"We'll soon be at the bottom here," said Preston, "or we can walk along under this ledge and not be seen from above."

Both boys were bruised somewhat by their falls, although not seriously so, and they now crept around a mass of rock against which Preston had landed, and found a passable road just below. As they hurried along this, hidden from the sight of those on the bank above, they heard the horn sound again and Borden calling to his men to hurry.

"This way," whispered Preston, scattering bits of paper at his feet. "Hud won't think of this path right away."

The path had a downward tendency and, after following it for a few minutes, Preston whispered:

"Right down that line, taking this tree here and that yellow one ahead for a guide, you can see the entrance to—Hallo!"

"What's the matter?" asked Wayne, as Preston uttered a low exclamation.

"Can you see anything there by that tree, the one this side of the yellow tree?"

"Yes, there's someone lying on the ground."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know, unless—yes, it is Hub Stacy."

"Right; but what he's doing here I can't imagine. Come on. We'll give him a scare!"

It was the work of a few minutes only to scramble down the rocks, hurry along the bottom of the ravine, and came face to face with Hub Stacy, who had hurried forward when he heard the noise caused by the descent of the boys.

"Hallo, Stacy," said Preston. "What are you doing here? My friend Rawlins has something to say to you."

"I have a handkerchief of yours," said Wayne. "You tried to make capital of a glove of mine and failed, but perhaps you can tell how your handkerchief came to be used as a gag?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," growled Stacy. "How did you get down here?"

"Climbed," said Preston. "Can't you do the same?"

Just then the horn sounded overhead, and Borden was heard calling:

"There you are, fellows! We have 'em if we make haste. They can't get out of the Devil's Den so easy as they think."

"We must not let Hub get away, even if the fellows do catch us, Prest," said Wayne. "Come on, he mustn't get away."

"He can't," said Preston. "The cave isn't deep, and he won't go into the stream, it isn't likely."

Stacy had now disappeared in the cave and the two boys followed him. The horn sounded louder and clearer than before, and Borden shouted:

"Come on, fellows, we've got 'em this time, sure."

As he spoke a startling incident occurred. None of the boys had been paying close attention to the signs of the weather for the past half hour, and, during the last ten minutes, a tremendous wind storm had been brewing. As Borden and his followers began the descent of the ravine a fierce gust of wind swept through it, which caused the smaller trees to bend nearly to the ground, while the larger ones groaned and creaked in the most alarming fashion. A second blast, fiercer than the first swept through as Borden sounded the horn for the last time, and a huge oak, growing half way up the slope, suddenly split in two, one-half falling into the ravine with an awful crash. At the same time a mass of rock and earth, weighing many tons, slid into the little valley, leaving a deep and wide chasm impossible to cross. Borden started back in alarm and retreated in great haste, the trembling of the earth making him fear that the whole bank of the ravine was about to change position.

"Good heavens!" he cried, looking back, "the rock has closed up the entrance to the Den! The boys are lost!"

CHAPTER XII.—How Rawlins and Preston Fared In the Devil's Den.

As Stacy dashed into the cave known as the Devil's Den, Wayne and Preston followed him close behind. Stacy ran along the bank of the stream a distance of forty or fifty feet, and then turned sharply to one side and disappeared.

"The fool has gone into the water!" cried Preston.

At that moment there came a terrible roar, and then a crash as of a thousand cannons, and the light was blotted out in an instant. Preston uttered an exclamation of surprise, and suddenly reeled and fell from the ledge of rock into the foaming torrent at his feet. He uttered a shrill cry for help as he felt himself borne forward, and then his head went under water, and he was borne on with terrible force.

"Where are you, Prest?" cried Wayne, who was in profound darkness.

Not a sound but the rushing of the waters met his ears and he was in an agony of doubt. Then without a moment's hesitation, he plunged into the stream and were swept forward. He argued that his young chum had fallen into the stream and that he must be before the underground chamber was reached. In a few moments he felt that he was in this himself for the waters had closed over his head and he was being carried on with resistless force. He closed his mouth firmly, held his breath and awaited the end, feeling that

nothing could save him now. At last when he could close it no longer, when his brain seemed bursting and fanciful lights danced before his eyes, he felt a breath of air upon his cheek, knew that he had come to the surface, and opened his mouth to take in a deep breath of the life-giving fluid. The stream was less rapid here, and there was sufficient light for him to see a ledge of rock and a sort of cavern beyond.

"Thank God!" he muttered devoutly, as he struck out for the bank, which he speedily reached.

"Is that you, Wayne?" asked a voice.

"Yes. Is it you, Prest? Where are you? I had begun to think we would never see each other again."

"Here I am," said Preston, getting up from a mass of rock where he had been lying, a few yards distant.

"Well, it seems that our stream does not completely fill its supposed tunnel," said Wayne. "Did you know about this second cave?"

"No, indeed. The fellows always said that it was lost when it went under the rock in the outer cave and none of us ever tried to see if it was or not."

"Did Stacy fall or jump into the water?"

"I don't know. That crash shook me off the ledge, and I thought I was gone for sure."

"What do you suppose it was?"

"A landslip, I suppose. I hope the fellows were not carried down with it. I guess that the Den is completely closed, and I don't see how we are going to get out, even if it is not."

"We can't go through that terrible millrace of a stream again, that's certain."

"No, and perhaps this cave has an outlet. Light comes in, and so there must be some way out of it."

"We'd better look for it, and, sh! what's that?"

Strange voices were suddenly heard, and Wayne suddenly dropped his own to a whisper and put his hand upon Preston to enjoin silence.

"We can't get out that way, that's flat," said the voice of Hub Stacy.

Wayne and Preston sank to the ground as the voice of Sheriff Fletcher was heard replying:

"Well, if we can't get out that way how are we to get out?"

"Through the old quarry, but it's a long way."

"The old quarry, eh? There ain't no way o' gettin' to that from this."

"Yes, there is, and I know the way, but it's dangerous."

The two speakers could now be seen standing against a rough mass of rock a hundred feet away at a point where the light from the roof of the cavern fell directly upon them. Their clothes did not appear to be wet in the least, and Wayne wondered how this could be.

"You're sure we can't get out t'other way?" asked Fletcher.

"Sure. The landslide has completely closed up the mouth of the Den. Those two Hill fellows were buried under it, I guess, for I couldn't see or hear anything of them."

"Well, that's a good thing, for now you can marry your cousin without any fuss."

"Yes, but we must realize on those bonds, Fletch. You must try and sell some of 'em."

"It ain't safe yet, Hub. They've been advertised all over the country."

"Why, you chump, what's the matter with selling 'em back to the bank, making the duffers compromise?"

"That's too risky," muttered Fletcher, in hoarse tones.

"Give 'em to me, I'll do it. You never had pluck enough for this business, Fletch."

"Well, let's get out of here first. Are you sure the Den is closed up?"

"Yes; I went through the hole, and it's as dark out there as a pocket."

"I don't believe but what we can find a way out. Come on."

Wayne watched the two narrowly, and saw Hub Stacy crouch down and disappeared in a hole in the rock not more than two feet in diameter. Fletcher followed him, and in a few moments nothing was seen of either of the villains.

"Well, that's something new to me," whispered Preston. "Stacy must have come through that way while I took the water route."

"He must have left Fletcher in here, then, while he was lying down outside."

"Yes, and they're both up to some deviltry, I'll bet."

"But, I say, Prest," whispered Wayne, "what is this thing about the bonds?"

"Why, the Glendale bank was robbed most mysteriously early in the year during our last term, and a large amount of bonds stolen. These cannot be negotiated, but the bank would like to get them back just the same."

"Did they never catch the burglars?"

"No, nor catch on to them, either. A good many persons were suspected, but not the right ones."

"And this bum of a sheriff has them in his possession?"

"So it seems."

"And our friend Hub is a little worse than we have ever given him credit for?"

"Yes, if he consorts with burglars and makes plans by which to realize on stolen bonds."

"Has the major anything to do with the bank?"

"No, except as a director. He would like to own it, but the other faction is too strong."

"Then he does not own all Glendale?"

"No, though he thinks——"

Preston suddenly stopped as a burrowing sound was heard, and presently Stacy and the sheriff appeared.

"There, I hope you are satisfied," growled Hub. "I told you we could not get out."

"Well, are you sure we can get out the other way?"

"Yes, and I'll show you the way, provided——"

"Well?" asked the other, as Hub paused.

"Provided you give me half I can make for us out of the bank on those bonds."

"Half! Good lord, Hub, be reasonable, can't you? Where's Walters coming in on this?"

"I don't care where he's coming in. Just now he's doing his best to keep out of jail."

"You didn't want half when you saw me first this afternoon."

"Well, the price has gone up. Agree to it, or I'll let you stay in this place till you rot!"

"How'll you get out yourself?" said Fletcher, doggedly.

"Oh, I'll get out. Come, is it half, or is it stay here?"

"The young villain!" muttered Wayne unguardedly, and both villains started at the sound.

"We must get down there, boys, and help those two poor fellows," said Borden.

"Show us the way, Hud, and we'll go," answered Knowlton.

Scrambling from point to point, the boys pushed on, at last reaching the bottom of the ravine. Not a sound came from beyond the mass of debris in the cave. They at last gave it up and started back for the school.

Arriving there, they reported the loss of the two boys to Mr. Liveretts.

A party was formed with the necessary implements to dig the boys out and shortly it was on the way to the cave. Several hours later several of the party returned to report non-success, but the rest of the party were still digging in the cave in a new passage which had been discovered.

CHAPTER XIII.—What Passed In the Cave.

Both Hub Stacy and the sheriff started as Wayne made his involuntary exclamation, and Hub said fiercely:

"I'm no more of a villain than you are, Fletch, and you'd better keep your compliments to yourself."

"I never said a word," returned the other, breathlessly.

"Yes, you did. You said what a young villain. You know you did."

"I never did," muttered Fletcher. "I might ha' thought it but I never said it."

"Look here, Fletch, I happen to know that you and Walters were concerned in that burglary, and that you have the bonds. Do you want me to split upon you and get you sent up for fifteen or twenty years?"

"I know who set fire to that barn of Simpkins', then!" growled Fletcher. "I found it out since the other night, when you was arranging to get Rawlins in our grip."

"Yes, he walked into that nicely," laughed Stacy carelessly. "I fixed the coachman and the housemaid fine for that snap."

"Yes; and now he's dead and you can marry your cousin without carrying her off," muttered Fletcher. "But that don't say who—"

"Who said anything about carrying her off?" hissed Hub.

"Oh, you don't know, of course," chuckled the other. "How about the picnic over in the woods? How about your plan to have a carriage to take your cousin home, and then to drive—"

"Rubbish!" muttered Stacy. "That's neither here nor there, and we're only beating around the bush. Are you going to give me those bonds for taking you out of this place? Remember that I can shove you up if I like."

"I can do as much shoving up as you can," blustered Fletcher. "It was you that set fire to Simpkins' barn, and I can prove it by Harvey Stokes."

"Harvey Stokes is a liar! I wasn't within two miles of the place till after the alarm was given,"

hissed Hub. "Come, I'm going. What do you say?"

"Hold up, Hub!" cried Fletcher, hurrying after the young scamp.

"I'll blow daylight through you if you follow me," muttered Hub, producing a revolver.

"Oh, I say, Hub, let up on a fellow," whined Fletcher.

"Will you give me half the bonds?" growled Stacy.

"Yes," wailed the sheriff.

"All right, then; but if you crawl I'll send you up as sure as guns. Come on, it's getting late."

Hardly had the footsteps of the two villains begun to echo on the hard pathway before Wayne rose to his feet and hurried after them, saying in a whisper:

"Come on, Prest. We've got to get out of this as well as those fellows."

At the end of several hundred feet the cave, which had been growing narrower and lower as it went on, suddenly ended through a narrow fissure, scarcely wide enough to admit a medium-sized man, at the bottom of a deep stone quarry, long disused. If Wayne and Preston had not followed close behind the two plotters they might easily have missed their way, for there were several blind alleys in the cave, any one of which they might have taken. At the end of the passage they suddenly paused, while Stacy and Fletcher emerged into an open space at the bottom of the quarry, the sides of which loomed precipitately above their heads.

"Lie low," whispered Preston. "They must not see us. We are all right now. I know the way out now."

"What did you do with your coat, Prest?" asked Wayne, suddenly noticing that his young chum was in his shirt sleeves.

"Left it behind, took it off when I got out of the water."

"Oh, I say, did you notice which way the brook went? They say it's lost."

"Guess it is now, for the old bed is as dry as a chip. That blockade must have dammed it up, and that's what made it so powerful strong when you and I dropped in."

"Look ahead, Prest," whispered Wayne, after a few minutes, "and see if those fellows are in sight."

Preston crawled through the fissure on his knees, and looked carefully around him when he reached the open ground. He saw Hub and Fletcher just disappearing in an old hut at one side of the quarry close to a high bank.

"That must be the shaft," he muttered, as he looked up and saw the remains of an old scaffolding.

Returning to Wayne, he reported what he had seen, and said:

"I suppose there must be some way of going up the shaft still, or Hub would not have gone that way. We'll follow them pretty soon."

After a while the chums crossed the old quarry to the shed where Stacy and Fletcher had disappeared, and entered it after a short reconnaissance. The two plotters had evidently ascended, and as twilight had already fallen upon the place there was no time to be lost.

"Hallo! there's no rope here," muttered Preston, "and no bucket."

"How did those fellows get up there?" asked Wayne.

"I don't know. I didn't watch 'em. They may have climbed up, hand over hand, and then hoisted the rope after them. There doesn't appear to be any other way of getting up."

"That looks bad," muttered Wayne.

"I'll tell you what," said Preston, "I'll go up first, because I'm light, and then I'll send you down a rope if I can find one, and if I can't I'll get one."

Preston at once began climbing the scaffolding, making his way from one cross-piece to another, and at times climbing the upright, which creaked even under his light weight. When he reached the bank above and was about to swing off there was a crash, and several of the timbers fell upon the shed, Wayne narrowly escaping a serious injury.

"Are you all right, little un?" he called for it was too dark now to see objects on the bank above.

"All serene!" cried Preston. "That's the advantage of being light. I'm glad I didn't send you up first."

"Do you see anything of a rope?"

"No, and I don't see how those villains got up. However, I'll fix you all right. The moon's up, and you'll get it pretty soon down there."

"Well, hurry up, young fellow, for it's getting cold."

"Well, I'm off. It's nearly half a mile to the nearest house."

Wayne sat on a mass of rock not far from the wrecked shed, and was soon lost in thought, while the shadows grew darker and darker around him and the sounds of the night began to be heard.

"He ought to be back here soon," thought Wayne, consulting his watch at length. "What keeps him so long? He has been gone over two hours. If he doesn't come soon I will try to climb out of here. I hate to think that he is lying somewhere, unable to go for help while I am waiting here doing nothing. If he don't come in half an hour I'll try it."

CHAPTER XIV.—The Adventure In the Woods.

When Preston left the top of the bank where he had landed so providentially when the rickety scaffolding fell away, he struck straight for a road which he knew to be not far distant. He had gone scarcely a hundred feet when he saw two figures loom up suddenly before him, and heard voices. The moon shone upon the figures, and he had no difficulty in recognizing them, and, at the same time he saw that they had just emerged from a tumble-down hut directly in his path. The two now turned off to one side, in the direction where Preston knew Glendale lay, Fletcher leading and Hub keeping just behind. Fortunately the moonlight enabled the boy to follow the two ruffians without approaching too near, although he was careful to make no sound which would attract attention.

"I'm afraid I shall have to keep poor Wayne waiting longer than I thought," he mused. "It's very important that I should catch these rogues

in the act of handling those bonds, and then I can get Wayne out without going for a rope. The old shaft will do the business. I wish I had known they were going up that way."

Hub and Fletcher presently entered a denser part of the woods, descended into a little hollow, and paused before a large boulder.

"Here they are," said Fletch, stooping down and beginning to scrape away a pile of dead leaves.

When he had cleared a space of a foot or two, he reached under the boulder, gave a tug and brought out an iron box, a foot and a half in length, nearly a foot wide, and the same in depth.

"Have you got the key?" asked Hub, kneeling on the ground beside Fletcher.

"Of course," muttered the other. "Got a match. There ain't light enough here to see to work. The key-hole may be stopped up."

"I've got the key, you light the match."

Stacy struck a match on his boot heel, but the head flew off and landed in a pile of dry leaves two or three feet distant.

"Bother the matches!" he muttered, as he struck another on his coat sleeve.

This time the stick ignited, and a tiny blaze appeared. Preston leaned forward as far as he dared, so as not to miss a single move of the two scoundrels. Fletcher produced a brass key two inches long, blew in the lock, and then inserted it. There was a sharp click. Stacy suddenly dropped the match with a howl and leaped forward, clutching the box.

"Hold on! What are you doing?" cried Fletcher. "Fair play, now!"

"I stumbled," muttered Stacy, with a package of bonds in his hand.

"That's too thin. Let go of those bonds. Strike another match and we'll count 'em out square."

"Ah, go on," sneered Hub. "You know there's a hundred in a package, don't you? Well, I've got one of 'em."

"What's that a-burning?" suddenly cried the sheriff.

Preston knew, for he had already noticed the smell of burning leaves, and had discovered the cause. The head of the match which had broken had been ignited, and had fallen upon a pile of leaves, which had been set on fire unknown to Hub or Fletcher. Preston had not noticed this at first, but now, when it was too late, he had discovered it, and feared trouble on that account.

"The woods are on fire," hissed Hub. "It's that blamed match. Hurry! We must put out the blaze."

Then he sprang to his feet, rushed to the pile of burning leaves, and began to scatter them. The fire had extended further than he supposed, however, and flames began to break out at several points in the thicket.

"Skip, Fletch!" he muttered. "We can't do anything."

Then he dashed out of the wood toward Glendale, and Preston saw that he had several packages of bonds in his hand and under his coat. The young fellow leaped upon the leader of the Dales in an instant, and threw him to the ground, so fierce was his onslaught.

"No, you don't, Hub Stacy," hissed Preston, snatching at a package of the bonds. "I've caught you now, and you don't get away."

"Curse you! Let go of me!" cried Hub, trying to get up.

Preston held him down, however, and wrested two packages of the bonds from him, despite his struggles.

"Help!" he yelled, and the sheriff turned to go to his assistance.

Suddenly, however, Stacy wrenched one arm free, there was a quick movement, a flash, a report, and young Preston fell over backwards, tightly clutching one of the packages of bonds. Stacy tried to wrench the bundle of bonds from Preston's grasp, but found that he could not do so without tearing them, the boy's grip was so tenacious. The fire was spreading in every direction now, there being plenty of material for it to communicate with, and delay was dangerous. Leaving the poor boy lying where he had fallen, Hub dashed away in one direction, while Fletcher took another. Poor Preston had fallen close beside the boulder where the box had been taken out with his face to the sky and his hands outstretched, the light of the fire shining upon his pale face and the flames creeping nearer and nearer every moment.

If he were not dead there was every fear that he would be if the flames surrounded him, as they were rapidly doing. There was a spot of blood upon his forehead, and his face was as pale as death, the eyes being closed and the lips slightly parted. As he lay there, the flames creeping nearer and nearer till they almost licked his extended hands, there was a crashing in the under-brush, and a rough-looking man suddenly appeared.

"Confound them, I think I might have had 'em but for this," he muttered. "Now I can't follow 'em on account of this rig."

As he hurried on he heard a groan in the brush, apparently, and starting violently, looked around him. The man was evidently a tramp, but there must have been some good about him, for upon discovering Preston lying helpless at the foot of the boulder, he dashed forward, lifted the boy in his arms, and bore him to a place of safety. Preston opened his eyes to see a rough-looking man bending over him, to hear tender words addressed to him, and to feel a soft cooling touch upon his aching forehead.

"There, there, youngster, don't say anything yet," said the man. "It was lucky I found you when I did. You've had a narrow escape in more ways than one. If that bullet hadn't glanced as it did, you would have got it in your brain instead. Can you walk? If you can't I'll take you to your friends, you are an academy fellow, aren't you?"

"Seems to me you know a lot for a tramp," muttered the boy, with a smile.

"I'm not so much of a tramp as you think, my lad, and it is the most fortunate thing in the world that I came across you as I did. You and I ought to be able, with what we both know, to capture two of the biggest scoundrels unhung."

"Why, who are you?" cried Preston excitedly. "By George, I know! You are a detective!"

"At work on the Glendale bank robbery case, and you are the very boy that can help me find the robbers."

"I'll do it!" cried Preston.

CHAPTER XV.—Certain Persons Get Into Trouble.

"You saw them get this box from inside that rock?"

"Yes, sir, and heard them tell all about it."

"And both knew what was in the box?"

"Not only that, but Stacy offered to place the bonds for a half share in the proceeds."

"Then they are the men we have been looking for."

The supposed tramp and Preston had been walking away from the place where the latter had come to his senses under the former's ministrations, and discussing the affair of the bonds, when Preston suddenly exclaimed:

"There! I have forgotten my friend! What time is it?"

"Well, in my character of tramp I don't carry a watch," answered the detective, "but I guess that it is nearly nine o'clock."

Preston then told about having left Wayne in the quarry, and added:

"It's not very far off. I told him I would soon be back with a rope. However, I won't need a rope now, for those fellows told me of another way."

The two then returned to the old hut whence Preston had followed Stacy, and here they found a shaft supplied with ladders by which a descent could be easily made. Preston reached the wrecked shed through a passage in the bank just as Wayne was thinking of trying to climb out of the quarry. It took him but a few minutes only to introduce the detective and tell what had happened, and then all three started for the top.

"I think we know enough now to make it particularly unpleasant for Mr. Hubbard Stacy," said Preston. "I don't believe he had time enough to carry out his intention of abducting his cousin. At any rate, I saw none of the picnic party in the woods, but perhaps the fire has scared them away."

"Is it very bad?" asked Wayne.

"Not now," said the detective. "If the wind had been as it was just before dark, the entire wood would have been destroyed."

Indeed they could see that the fire had about burned itself out as they hurried toward Glendale and that only here and there did it rage with any force. There was no danger that it would spread to any extent during the night, but Wayne and Preston warned the people in the nearest house to take such steps as were necessary to prevent such disaster.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Wayne of the detective.

"Arrest this sheriff as a party to the burglary and the young fellow as an accessory after the fact. Our young friend has witnesses enough for that."

"He is the nephew of the biggest man in Glendale," said Preston, "and the major will fight."

"I don't care if he does. If we can but catch the young fellow with bonds in his possession the major can fight all he likes. As for the sheriff, his pals have squealed, and I have a warrant for his arrest in my pocket. Both Parsons and

Walters have been taken now, and both have implicated Fletcher."

"That makes matters easier," said Preston. "At any rate, the major will say that the academy leaders have done this to spite the Dale fellows."

The party now hurried on as rapidly as possible to Glendale, which they reached soon after ten o'clock, proceeding at once to the sheriff's residence. The tramp remained in the background while Wayne knocked for admission.

"Who's that?" said a voice at an upper window.

"Is Mr. Fletcher at home?"

"No, he's gone to bed."

"Oh, he isn't at home when he's in bed because he's in the Land of Nod," laughed Preston.

"What do you want of him?" asked the voice.

"To see him on business."

"Is it important?"

"Very."

"I should snicker," muttered Preston.

"Who is it wants to see him?"

"Major Goodhugh," answered young Preston before the others could speak.

The head at once disappeared; and a light could be seen descending from floor to floor.

"What did you say that for, young fellow?" laughed the detective.

"To get him down. You see how it worked."

In a few minutes the door opened, and Fletcher himself appeared.

"Good evening, major," he said effusively. "Sorry to have kept——"

Then he stopped, very much perplexed at sight of the strange group that had entered the hall. A rough-looking tramp, a boy without a coat, and a young man with no hat, and dressed in bedraggled garments.

"Why, what in time does——"

"Mr. Fletcher," said the detective, "we—I have a warrant for your arrest for complicity in the robbery of the Glendale Bank last winter."

The sheriff started, uttered an uneasy laugh, and then said, blusteringly:

"Nonsense! I'm the sheriff. I ain't no burglar. Guess you're trying to chaff me."

"No, we ain't," said the other. "You had some of the stolen bonds in your possession to-night and made a bargain with someone to dispose of them. Besides that, your pals, Parsons and Walters, have gone back on you."

"Has Stokes squealed, too?" muttered the sheriff.

"He-ha; he is another one, eh? I thought we'd get them all before long."

"This thing is too much of a joke," growled the sheriff. "You can't arrest me. You ain't got no evidence."

"I've got all I want," said the detective, "and here is my authority," producing the warrant. "Mr. Sheriff Fletcher, you are my prisoner."

The scoundrel broke down upon this, and the detective marched him off to the house of Justice Moreland in short order.

"You may want to give bail," suggested the detective. "We are going to call on your friend, the major, and will mention the fact, if you like."

Fletcher was left in the custody of an officer, and the detective and the two academy boys hurried around to Major Goodhugh's splendid mansion. Both Wayne and Preston were so ex-

cited over the affair that they forgot all about the anxiety over their own fate which must exist at the academy.

"You'd better ask to see Hub," suggested Preston to the detective, who now wore a decent coat, when they reached the major's. "Old Goodhugh himself is a humbug, and would only detain you."

"The house appears to be lighted up as if for an entertainment," said Wayne.

"You'd like to be invited, wouldn't you, chummy?" laughed Preston, "only you have forgotten your swallowtail. It was too bad of you, my boy."

"Do stop joking for once, Prest," said Wayne. "If I did not know better, I might think that you never could be serious."

"Well, we'll ask for young Stacy," said the detective.

He ascended the steps, rang the bell, and was speedily confronted by a footman in gorgeous livery, who demanded the errand.

"I wish to see Mr. Hubbard."

"Follow me. This way, sir; there is a little company in the drawing-room."

The man led the way through a reception room on the right and then through a library, then up a narrow hall, up another flight, and to the door of a little room in a wing overlooking the stables.

"Wait a minute," said the detective, as he put his eye to the keyhole.

The room was perfectly dark and seemed to be unoccupied.

"You scoundrel, you have lied to me!" cried the detective, turning to seize the menial.

The man had disappeared, his quick footsteps being heard descending the stairs. The detectives hurried back, ran along the hall, and found a small stairway which led him into a room occupied by the major, from which there was apparently no other exit. The magnate of Glendale was sitting at a table writing, and started up at the sudden intrusion. "What do you mean, sir, by coming in here unannounced?" asked the mighty man. "Who are you and what do you want? A thief, most likely."

"I want your nephew, Mr. Goodhugh, and I have no time to waste. He is trying to dispose of the bonds stolen from the——"

"Major Goodhugh, I tell you!" stormed the angry magnate.

The purse-proud magnate was furious, and struck a bell on the table so viciously as to break it. A servant answered the summons, entering the room through a door concealed by heavy draperies.

"Show this person out," growled the magnate.

"My man," said the detective to the footman, "you are my prisoner. Hereafter you may think better of trying to block the wheels of the law."

"Well, you didn't get Mr. Hub anyhow," said the man. "He went away while you were fooling at that door."

"Don't flatter yourself," said the detective. "Fortunately, I left a guard on the outside. I will trouble you to go with me, and if you make any fuss you'll get a bullet in your stupid head. Good night, Goodhugh, old man, and a sweeter disposition to you."

CHAPTER XVI.—How It All Came Out.

It was fortunate that Wayne and Preston had remained outside when the detective entered the house of the pompous Major Goodhugh in search of Hub Stacy. The man had been gone but a few minutes when Preston, drawing Wayne to the ground close behind the step railing, whispered:

"There is a carriage leaving by the side driveway."

"Then that scoundrel Hub is in it. Perhaps he is carrying out his plan of abducting Miss Ollie."

"Let's follow him, you on one side and I on the other."

As the carriage reached the street, however, it suddenly drove off at a rapid pace, and the boys had to run to overtake it. Young Preston was soon winded, and had to lean against a fence-post to recover, but Wayne kept on, and overtaking the carriage, leaped upon the rack behind and retained his hold. For half an hour the same frantic speed was kept up, by which time the town was left behind and they were upon the open road. Presently he heard a window in front raised, and heard Hub say:

"Why don't you drive faster, Jim? We'll miss it."

On they went, faster than ever, and in half an hour they were rattling over the pavements of the town just as a church clock struck twelve. The train came in as the carriage reached the station, and Hub sprang out, enveloped in a long overcoat, wearing a wide-brimmed hat, and carrying a small valise.

"Go in and buy my ticket, Jim," said Hub, as the man jumped down from the box. "Get a sleeping car berth, too, and be lively."

Wayne slipped off as the carriage stopped and stood in the shadow, so as not to be observed.

"Five minutes for supper," called out the conductor. "This train for New York. Bedford the next stop!"

Hub now walked toward the train, and was about to enter one of the sleeping coaches, when the porter stopped him.

"All taken in this coach, sir. Got your ticket?"

"My man is coming with it. How's the car behind?"

"One compartment left, I think. Ask the gentleman in charge, sir."

As Hub was about to pass to the rear Wayne suddenly fell against him as if intoxicated and threw him to the ground. Hub dropped the valise, which Wayne snatched up and made away with.

"Stop thief!" roared Hub, leaping to his feet.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor.

"Here you go!" and the coachman handed Hub his tickets and change and bundled him into the car.

"Hold on, I've been robbed," cried Hub. "Catch that drunken fellow. He's got my satchel."

"Here it is," said someone picking up a small black valise from the platform.

The valise was thrown into the car door, the train moved swiftly off, and the coachman turned to find his horses. They had disappeared. Wayne had leaped upon the box and opened the black

valise at the same moment. Extracting the papers, he closed the bag, dropped it on the platform, and drove away. Reaching the road Wayne was able to take charge himself, for he knew his way now and felt safe. He allowed the horses to go at a steady but not rapid pace, and reached Glendale at about four o'clock in the morning. The sergeant was then aroused, and Wayne gave him the package he had taken from Hub, which proved to be a considerable portion of the stolen bonds. Then he requested permission to lie down on a sofa in the sergeant's room. The sergeant gave him a bed instead, and there he slept until late the next morning when he was aroused by Preston coming in to inquire after him.

"The major is in a terrible stew," said Preston. "Hub got off with a big sum of money belonging to him and a lot of negotiable paper. The young villain had the run of the safe, it seems."

"Well, it's dog eat dog, then," laughed Wayne, "for they say that the old fellow is no more honest than the law requires."

"Well, where's Hub?"

"Gone to New York, and I don't suppose he will come back in a hurry."

In examining the bonds recovered, including the package secured by Preston, those taken from Hub Stacy, and a few found on Fletcher, one package of fifty was missing, and, as some of them were found to be out on the market in New York a day or so after Hub's disappearance, it was concluded that he had secreted these upon his person for immediate use, and that they were not in the valise which Wayne had captured. Hub's whereabouts were not ascertained for five or six years, and then he was found living in Amsterdam beyond the reach of the extradition laws and being as much of a bully as ever.

Fletcher, Stokes, and the other burglars received a long term in State prison which has not yet expired, and there have been no more robberies in that part of the country since. The major is less pompous than formerly, for Ollie eventually married Wayne Rawlins, the feud between the Hills and the Dales came to an end, and several men far richer than he was, came into the town and his prestige was forever lost.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LITTLE SWAMP FOX, A TALE OF GENERAL MARIION AND HIS MEN."

COOLING AIR IN BRAZIL'S MINES

Miners working nearly one, and a quarter miles below the earth's surface in Brazil, South America, find the temperature of the surrounding rocks to be 118 degrees F. To overcome this impossible working temperature, says Popular Mechanics, a system of pre-cooling the air with large fans has been installed. The effectiveness of this system is now being studied by the United States Bureau of Mines, with a view of adopting a similar practice in some of the deeper mines in this country.

CURRENT NEWS

DEEPEST MINE IN THE WORLD

The deepest mine in the world is at Morro Velho, Brazil. It has reached a vertical depth of 6,426 feet below the surface of the earth. This great depth is attained not by one shaft, but by a series of five, staggered to follow the 10 degree pitch of the lode with which it is connected by crosscuts. In India there is a mine in which a depth of 5,400 feet has been reached, and in Michigan there is a copper mine which is one mile deep vertically. In South Africa there is a mine where the engineers are planning to sink a shaft to a depth of 7,000 feet.

CLAY PROFITABLE

Clay beds covering several thousand acres near McCool, Crisman and Crocker, and about ten miles from Gary, Ind., have netted the land owners more than \$1,000,000. It is estimated the clay has netted the farmers approximately \$4,500 an acre and they still own the land.

The clay is shipped to Chicago and to the Calumet region. Carloads of it have been used by the industrial plants in the Calumet district for lining furnaces. It is also used for making lawns, tennis courts and race tracks. Trainloads of the clay have been shipped to Gary for use in the blast furnaces in the steel plants and for making

football and baseball fields, and for filling Gary sand.

Clay for covering the grounds of six new public school buildings now under construction in Gary is being hauled from the Porter County deposits. Engineers estimate about 6,000 tons of clay are obtained from an acre and the clay sells for 75 cents a ton.

PRICKLY PEAR JUICE USED FOR GASOLINE

A new motor spirit made from prickly pear juice mixed with other chemicals has proved so successful in tests, according to a report to the Department of Chemistry, that a company with \$500,000 capital has been organized to exploit it. This new product was invented by A. C. De Villiers, a lawyer in the Orange Free State, and the formula is a secret.

The spirit has been tested on various makes of cars and is said to be equal to or better than gasoline in power and flexibility, a mileage of 22.4 being obtained in a six-cylinder car. The cost of production is said to be 18 cents per gallon, and it is figured that the retail price will be about half that of gasoline. All the ingredients are obtainable in inexhaustible supplies in South Africa. The prickly pear grows wild in many parts of the country and in fact has become a pest, devastating thousands of acres of farm land.

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The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"How long has this sort of thing been going on? At least you can tell me that."

"About six months."

"I should think—"

"Fall in line, you!" roared the officer, suddenly appearing at the door of the tent.

The soldier fell back.

"Mr. Dubey says that you are to be allowed to go to the homestead and he will send you a pass," announced the officer, "but you are not to go to the mine, not even to the office—see?"

Val made no answer. He saw no necessity for thanking the man, so as the soldiers fell back he drove the can through the line.

"Jack, I'm going to put a stop to all this if it costs me every dollar I'm worth," declared Val, hotly.

"You won't make any move till you know more about it?"

"I know enough as it is," growled Val, and then let the subject drop.

"There is one thing," said Jack after a little, "we have to be mighty careful that Ralph Dubey don't find out who you really are. If he should recognize you by your picture in the papers—"

"We've discussed that before," broke in Val. "I have given my photograph to nobody, as you know, and as to those horrible caricatures of me which have appeared in the papers, they are not worth considering. Shut up now, Jack. I'm mad and have got to get over it—that's all."

They had now entered the village of Cross Creek, if village it could be called. There was just one large general store run by the company, at which all the workmen were forced to trade.

On the flats across the creek were many cabins of the rudest construction; beyond on the mountainside were several decent houses, the residences of foremen and office employees. One, larger than the others, Val thought might be Ralph Dubey's, whom he knew did not live at the homestead.

Farther down the creek on the other side were the mine buildings, breaker, tipple, office, and so on. The railroad ran on that side also. A freight train had just come in, and the boys could see men with bags and bundles coming out of the freight cars.

These were emigrants who had been shipped from New York to take the places of the mountaineers. There were soldiers' tents stretched along the line of the railroad and the station was surrounded by an armed guard.

"I'd just like to run across the bridge and have a look at all that," growled Val, "but I suppose we better not try it."

"I wouldn't," answered Jack. "If you expect to learn anything definite you'll have to go slow. Drive straight to the homestead, Val."

The homestead was on their side of the river and could be seen high up on the mountain. Presently they came to a well-kept road which appeared to lead up to it, and into this Val turned soon rounding the car up in front of the old mansion which had been the home of his ancestors on his mother's side for a hundred years.

An old darky came shuffling around the corner of the house as Val shut off the power.

"Gem'n, who yo' wanter see?" he asked.

"Mrs. Longworth," replied Val. "Is she at home?"

"No, sah. She's in Baltimore. Missy Ellen am home, dough. Be you Mistah Wren?"

"Yes."

"Den hit's all right. Ef yo' run around de house Ah'll show yo' whar yo' kin put up dat masheen. Yo's expected."

"That's one comfort," muttered Val. "All the same I'm disappointed at not finding Mrs. L. here to meet us."

Jack made no answer. An odd notion had seized him.

"I suppose I'm a fool," he thought, "but I can't help wondering if this Mrs. Langworth looks anything like Mrs. Wheeler."

The car disposed of in the barn, the old darky who informed the boys that he was "Uncle Ike," led the way into the house by a side door, and having ushered them into a large room plainly furnished in old-fashioned style, he remarked that he would "go fetch Miss Ellen."

"Stop a minute," said Val. "Who is this lady, may I ask?"

"She am Mrs. Longworth's niece, sah."

"And her full name is?"

"Miss Raeder, sah."

"She lives here right along?"

"Right along all de time ebber since she come hyar, which was right away after ole massa died, sah."

"All right. Tell her that we are here."

Uncle Ike shuffled from the room.

"I don't like this house," whispered Val, "and I don't know why. Do you ever take notions against houses, Jack?"

"Sometimes I do, and I've taken one against this. I feel as if I was in a tomb."

"The grounds are so badly kept, too. Everything in disorder. It's hard to imagine a rich man living in a place like this."

"I suppose your grandfather was so old he didn't care. How old was he, Val?"

"Over ninety. I—hush! Here she comes."

Light footsteps in the hall announced the coming of Ellen Raeder, and the next instant she stood before the boys, a vision of feminine youth and beauty.

"Welcome to Bragmere, gentlemen," she exclaimed. "I am Mrs. Longworth's niece, Miss Raeder. Which of you is Mr. Wren?"

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SEEK BOY SCOUTS TO FARM NEW SOUTH WALES

A project holding many possibilities toward settling New South Wales with desirable immigrants has been formulated by local Boy Scout authorities and is approaching consummation.

The plan, which has received encouraging support from the Imperial headquarters, is to bring hundreds of Boy Scouts from England and place them upon farms in New South Wales.

SQUIRRELS DAMAGE HIGH VOLTAGE LINES

From Rochester comes word of the trouble that has been encountered with squirrels who will persist in becoming acquainted with high-voltage conductors, reports the *Scientific American*. Short circuits have resulted in the high tension lines as the result of squirrels playing about the wires, with especially disastrous results for the squirrels. Now it is recommended that large tin collars be placed on the poles for the purpose of preventing the squirrels from reaching the wires above.

MONTE CAHLO FLY COST BANK \$25,000.

A fly with a gambling instinct cost the Casino \$25,000 a few days ago, according to a Monte Carlo newspaper. The fly alighted on No. 13 at a time when the gamblers had suffered a long run of ill luck. In a few moments the "middle dozen," that is to say, the number 13 to 24, was liberally covered with stakes.

Then an elderly gambler arose and plied napoleons round the square on which the fly had alighted, thus backing the numbers from 10 to 17.

Less confident players staked small amounts on the "transversales." The ivory marble was sent spinning round the roulette wheel, there was a moment of suspense, and then the coupier announced the winning number, 13.

But, what is far more extraordinary, the same number came up three times in succession.

FIREMAN RESCUES QUICKSAND VICTIM

Patrolman James Slambowski heard cries from the swamp off River avenue, near State street, Camden, N. J., in the midst of which is a pool of mud and quicksand. He ran to the swamp and crawled out as far as he could get to the pool without being engulfed. He saw a man, later partially identified as Richard Collins of New York, up to his waist in the quicksand and sinking quickly through his very efforts to free himself.

The policeman shouted to the man to lie as still as possible, and then he ran for help. A police ambulance, with Sergeant Naylor and Patrolmen Anderson and Stanton, could not help the man because of the darkness and the great danger of going out into the swamp. So the po-

licemen sent for a fire truck, and Deputy Fire Chief Patterson and others responded.

By this time the man was into the quicksand almost to his armpits, and it was apparent that he could not be rescued unless it were done quickly. He had become delirious, too, from terror and the frightful sucking of the sand as it drew him deeper. His cries became incoherent and then ceased altogether. A searchlight showed his head had slumped forward onto the swamp.

The firemen brought planks from the lumber yard of the Victor Talking Machine Company, and Fireman Dyer volunteered as life saver. Laying boards in front of him, Dyer crawled carefully along toward Collings, his comrades directing him with the searchlight. He found Collings in a condition of utter collapse. The sufferer lay quietly while Dyer dug into the sand with his hands and with a hand ax. Finally the rescuer was able to get a rope under the man's arms and other firemen pulled, Dyer, with his hands, loosening as much as possible the sand about the body of Collings, who finally was dragged out and to safety.

He was sent to the Cooper Hospital, where surgeons said that his condition is serious.

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A Strange Case

By COL. RALPH FENTON

I was on a mission at Chillington, and my headquarters were at Melcham Court during the time. I was not sure of being a welcome guest, but for this I did not care, since it was the public I sought to serve and not a single individual.

Joab Melcham was reputed wealthy. He was master of Melcham Court, and lived in a style becoming the blue-blooded aristocracy from which he sprang. He was also president of Chillington Bank, and a stockholder in various other enterprises of importance. Among the common people he was not liked. He chilled and repulsed them with his frown, and people will not overlook such things.

At the time of which I am writing Andrew Mayne was cashier of the bank of Chillington, and he was in difficulty. It was a difficulty that promised to land the cashier in state prison for a term of years. It was his wife's tears and earnest protestations of her husband's innocence that induced me to look into the matter at all. Perhaps the reader will wonder why, since I am a detective, and at home in case of crime in its every phase.

The reason was simply this: Andrew Mayne was in jail, charged with appropriating money not his own to the amount of forty thousand dollars, and he admitted his guilt with the coolest indifference, seemingly, as to his fate.

And yet his wife positively assured me that Andrew was innocent.

I of course received her assurance with a large degree of allowance.

"Your husband, madam, must be a queer man to confess guilt if he is really innocent. I have read of cases of this kind, but have always considered them myths. In my own experience I never met with such a case. I cannot see how Andrew Mayne can remain long outside of prison. If he is the man he admits himself to be, the state prison is the place for him!"

I fixed a cold glance on the wife's face while I talked. It was possible, I thought, that she knew her husband was guilty, but hoped in some way to save him from merited doom.

There was that in the pale face and pleading eyes, however, that assured me that whatever Andrew Mayne was, his wife was an honest, earnest woman and devoted wife, and really a believer in the innocence of her unfortunate husband.

"How do you explain your husband's confession?" said I at length. "I cannot reconcile it with a theory of innocence."

"I know, sir, how strange it seems; but Andrew never took the money. There's a conspiracy somewhere to ruin Andrew."

"And he lends himself to it—for his own destruction?" I remarked, with an incredulous look.

"It does seem strange. You will not attempt to ferret out the robber, sir?"

There were tears in the comely little woman's eyes as she put the question.

"I will see your husband, and if there is any

chance for work, you may depend upon it I will not shrink from the task."

With this assurance I left the Mayne cottage and repaired to the city jail. I found Andrew Mayne in anything but a pleasant mood. His haggard face and sunken eyes did not serve to prepossess me in favor of his innocence. His whole demeanor was that of a man laboring under some great mental trouble.

"I am guilty. The sooner the farce is over the better."

This was his answer to my inquiries.

"Why did you take the money? You had a living salary, with none but your wife to support beside yourself."

"Don't ask me. I plead guilty; I can say no more."

With those words ringing in my ears I left the jail.

Surely there was no chance for a case here. I had best return home at once and let the law take its course. When I uttered these words mentally, the pale, tear-wet face of Mollie Wayne came suddenly to haunt me, and to shake my faith in things visible both to the eye and ear.

After pacing up and down for a time I concluded that I would look into the matter a little further, and if I could find the least excuse for remaining on the case, I would do so. Court would not convene for four weeks, and this would give me ample time to investigate.—

My next move was to interview the president of the bank, Joab Melcham. Since Mr. Melcham was one of those most interested in the defalcation, and, as I was, as a detective, no respecter of persons, I did not make the visit in the shape of an officer of justice. I wished to make the acquaintance of the wealthy owner of Melcham Court without reserve. As a detective I would be received graciously as a matter of course.

I learned that Melcham Court was minus a butler, the man who had filled the position for many years having departed this life very suddenly but a few weeks before the opening of this narrative. It was for the vacant place I applied. I had recommendations without number. I was always careful to supply myself with such necessities when needed, and they come in good stead just now.

While the banker read my credentials, I mentally reviewed him.

He was rather a handsome man, with silky beard and bright blue eyes, and not far from forty. His every movement was quick and energetic, showing great nervous force.

I was made up for the occasion, with mutton-chops and the dress of one who had seen better days. In fact, I represented myself as a broken-down English gentleman, who had sought America for the opportunity of regaining a portion of my lost fortune, etc. I will not tire the reader with repeating my story here.

Joab Melcham cast a keen glance into my face, over my person, and then said:

"You will do."

That was sufficient, and I was installed as butler at Melcham Court.

It was an English house, and its master was English. I learned the weak side of the bankrature—love for all things English—and at once ingratiated myself. Soon gentleman and butler

were on an extremely friendly footing. Melcham had no family, save a family of servants. He was a widower, and I did not wonder that I often found him indulging a fit of blues.

What was I to gain by all this?

One morning something occurred that set me to thinking deeply. I always delivered the banker's mail, morning and evening, usually to him in the library. On the morning in question, however, Melcham was late in rising, and I, having received several letters from the postman, went to the banker's chamber. The hour was late. The chamber door was slightly ajar, and as I had on cloth slippers, my feet made little noise. I came to a halt at the door, held for a moment by a strange sound from within—a deep groan, that seemed to come from the heart of one in terrible mental agony.

I stood rooted to the spot.

"Heavens! if this is true, and Andrew Mayne hear of it I am ruined. He must never know it—never!"

In husky accents came the words to my ears, and I knew they fell from the lips of Joab Melcham.

I waited a moment at the door, when, hearing a servant in the hall approaching it, I at once pushed open the chamber door and advanced into the room.

"Ah, it is you, John? Mail? Oh, yes, I am glad you brought it. I will be down soon."

He took the letter from the salver and I noticed that his hand trembled as he did so. I was fully convinced that Joab Melcham was laboring under some terrible excitement. He possessed great powers of self-control, however, and rapidly became calm.

It was after twelve when the banker came down. Partaking of a hasty lunch, he left the house and walked briskly toward the bank. Nothing but a slight paleness indicated the recent excitement that had possessed him.

After he was gone I again visited his room. I found nothing of the Morning Chronicle, yet I knew the paper had been taken to his room that morning. Evidently the banker had taken the paper with him; in this there was nothing strange, however. It was an easy matter to secure another from a passing newsboy, and I was soon examining its contents with lynx eyes.

I could discover nothing that could in any possible way cause the banker such excitement. I was on the point of laying down the paper, when my eye caught a familiar name. It was under the head of "Obituary." "Charles J. Mayne, a highly-respected citizen, died very suddenly at his home in — street, Montreal. Heart disease is supposed to be the cause. Mr. Mayne was nearly seventy, and a citizen of worth. He has relatives in the States."

That very day I sought an interview with Mrs. Mayne, the prisoner's young wife. I showed her the obituary notice and questioned her regarding it.

"Charles J. Mayne was my husband's father," she said. "They have not met for some years. I think Andrew will feel even worse than he does now when he learns the truth. Would it not be best to keep it from him for the present?"

"I will see."

Nevertheless, I repaired at once to the jail

and sought an interview with the prisoner. Of course, I had discarded the role of a butler at this time. I knew the banker would not return to Melcham Court until night, so did not worry about his discovering my absence.

When I showed the obituary notice to Andrew Mayne he came near falling under the blow.

"It has come at last," he said, in a voice husky with emotion. "Does Mr. Melcham know of this?"

"I am not able to state," was my evasive reply. "Would it affect him in any way if he did?"

"I wish to send a written word to the banker. Can I trust you to take it, Mr. Sharp?"

This was his answer to my question. He was deeply excited, and trembled not a little. I tried to get the fellow to confide in me what he wished to say to the banker, his late employer, but he persistently refused. At length I consented to be the bearer of a sealed letter to Joab Melcham. Paper and envelope were obtained of the jailer, and Andrew was permitted to write a note to the banker.

Joab Melcham came in late that night. I placed Andrew Mayne's letter in his hand and stood back respectfully while he perused it. I watched him narrowly, and saw that his face paled, and that he looked deeply annoyed.

Soon after Mr. Melcham vanished, and his carriage wheels rattled away.

I was determined on a bold move, and made it.

When Joab Melcham stepped upon the platform of the little way station, I was not far behind him. He did not buy a ticket—he was too cunning for that. In ten minutes the train would be due.

"Mr. Melcham."

The fleeing banker turned and faced me quickly. He looked into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Not Canada, but a prison, my friend," I said coolly. At the same time I produced a pair of steel bracelets.

"The young fiend has peached!"

On the following day Chillington was astounded at the intelligence that the banker, Melcham, was under arrest for embezzlement. The case was plain enough after that.

Andrew Mayne had made no statement, but I knew that he had warned the banker of what he might expect, and it was not the young cashier's fault that Melcham had not escaped.

On learning of the bank president's arrest, Mayne did make a statement.

The cashier had taken upon himself the crime of which he knew Melcham was guilty, in order to shield his old father, who, some years before, would have gone to prison for the misappropriation of a few thousands, had not Melcham, then a young man, fled from the place in order not to testify against one who had befriended him. When Andrew Mayne caught Melcham in the act of robbing the bank of which he was himself president, Melcham pleaded for mercy, and reminded him of the elder Mayne's case, which the banker said was not too old to be resurrected. To save his father, Andrew Mayne consented to shoulder his employer's villainy.

Andrew Mayne was set free: Melcham confessed his guilt and threw himself on the mercy of the court. He got ten years in the penitentiary, nevertheless.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1922

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

AMERICA'S LARGEST HORSE

The largest horse in America is Sillon, owned by C. W. Van Wickle of Geneva, N. Y. Sillon, weighing 2,450 pounds, has won the first prize in the three-year-old class in competition against stallions from all parts of the world.

TREASURE IN CANTON WALLS

When the ancient walls of Canton, China, were razed to make room for a street railway, contractors offered to do the work for whatever treasure the walls might contain. The work was divided among several applicants, every one of whom discovered such quantities of ancient coin and ornaments hidden away in the walls that the work, though done without other payment, was profitable to him.

INTOXICATED HOG ESCAPES

A stray hog, reeling drunk, staggering down a cove on Higgins Creek in Carter County, Tenn., the other morning, was followed by Sheriff Shelton and a deputy to a forty-gallon moonshine still where the porker had been getting his alcoholic swill. The distillery was destroyed, but the hog resisted arrest and escaped through the underbrush.

THINKS IT AMBERGRIS

The Chemistry Department of the State College is engaged in the examination of a lump of an unknown substance found on the sands at Hampton Beach and thought to be ambergris. The finder of the substance is Miss Josephine Paige of Goffstown, N. H., a teacher at the Lincoln Street School in Manchester. The ambergris, if it turns out to be ambergris, is so very valuable that the small piece of it she has, it is estimated, would bring at present quotations about \$5,000. So far the ambergris has fulfilled the tests required of it.

HOW BILLIARD BALLS ARE SHAPED

Out of each tusk only five of these cubes can be cut. This is the case because the upper part of the tusk is hollow to allow the nerve to enter,

while the lower part tapers to a point and is consequently too small.

The blocks of ivory, after they reach the Chicago factory, are allowed to stand for months, so as to be properly aged, and are then turned by hand.

A machine process capable of turning out absolutely spherical balls has never been devised, according to H. F. Davenport, secretary and general manager of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, and it is therefore necessary to employ men of surprising skill.

A block of ivory, nearly spherical, or at least so it seemed to an unpracticed eye, was being rapidly spun about in a lathe.

With uncanny skill the workman was guiding a chisel back and forth against the surface of the spinning sphere—back and forth with an easy motion. Now and then he stopped to hold the point of a pencil against the revolving ivory. Then back to the chisel again.

It takes 20 minutes, on an average, to turn out a perfect billiard ball—that is 20 minutes after two years of aging, at London, Hamburg, and in the Chicago warehouse.

LAUGHS

Nervous Visitor—Will your dog bite me, little boy? **Eager Little Boy**—If you want to see I can sic him on you.

Employer—Do you know the duties of an office boy? **Office Boy**—Yes, sir; wake up the book-keeper when I hear the boss coming.

“Don’t you think that young man is afflicted with a swelled head?” “No,” answered Miss Cayenne, “he’s not afflicted with it; he enjoys it.”

“Look here; if you want anything to eat, get busy and chuck some wood in the cellar.” “Now, madam, I may be a beast, but I’m no woodchuck.”

Autoist—I haven’t paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I’ve had it. **Friend**—So the man who did the repairs told me.

Papa—Charley, please hand me that book on the table, there. **Charley** (aged nine)—There he is, papa. **Papa**—No, my son; you should not say “there ‘he’ is,” but “there ‘it’ is.” **Charley**—Why, papa, it’s a hymn book, isn’t it?

Teacher—A rich man dies and leaves a million dollars—one-fifth to his son, one-sixth to his daughter, one-seventh to his wife, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign millions; what does each one get? **Little Willie Brief**—A lawyer.

Deacon Hasbeen (laying down his paper)—I have just been reading that alcohol will remove grass stains from the most delicate fabric. **Mrs. Hasbeen** (severely)—There you go again, Jason, trying to find some excuse. Just remember that you have no grass stains in your stomach.

GOOD READING

USING CACTUS AS FODDER

In those parts of the country where, in the neighborhood of sugar factories, wide areas of land overgrown with cactus are available, the slicing machine and the pulp dryer at the sugar works may be used for converting the cactus into a fodder, according to the *Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*.

The cactus is exposed to a torch to burn the thorns away and then carried to the slicing machine with specially formed knives. These slices are then dried, and if desired they may be ground to a coarse powder. During the slicing, part of the juice is pressed out and may be collected separately. It can be converted to a substitute of gum arabic, which is probably a salt of the meta-arabic acid. The yield of dry material is about 11 per cent. of the raw cactus.

POISON IVY NOT THE ONLY HARMFUL PLANT

Although poison ivy is one of the worst offenders, it frequently is blamed for poisoning caused by other plants. The Department of Agriculture has a list of more than 100 of such plants that grow in this country, and it is probable that there are others that may be poisonous to some persons. Not all of these plants are equally poisonous, and too there is great variation in the susceptibility of persons.

Because some of these common plants are used for ornament in the homes is no reason to fear them, as most persons are not affected by them and in the great majority of cases the irritation of the skin is mild. This would probably hold true of such plants as the tomato geranium, daffodil and many others that are known to cause skin poisoning. Such plants, though, as the nettles, are irritating to most persons.

In the long list of plants having these toxic properties are the following, which are well known, but not all of them generally known to be poisonous: Aconite, ailanthus, asparagus, catalpa, dog fennel, lady's slipper, wild carrot, hop, lobelia, oleander, nightshade, ox-eye daisy, parsnip, pokeweed, smartweed, primula, buttercup, poison elder or poison dogwood, bloodroot, mullein, Socklebur, and the mustards.

The pollen of the Easter lily has been known to cause irritation of the skin, but this is probably as rare as poisoning by leaves of the geranium or the carrot. Some of these plants are poisonous when taken internally, but the list has been made out on the basis of being irritating to the skin.

BLOCK TACKLE USED IN BURIAL OF GIANT

The largest and best loved giant of American childhood was laid to rest the other day when George Auger, circus performer, was buried in Holly Grove Cemetery at Woodlawn.

Lifelong friends of Mr. Auger, many of whom were associated with him in circus life, attended the funeral at No. 164 Manhattan avenue. The

midgets, Ernest Rommell and Addie Frank, who have played with the giant in a vaudeville sketch, "Jack the Giant Killer;" Carrie Holt, the fat lady of the circus; Lentini, the three-legged man; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Short, midgets; Louis Graham, Ringling side show manager; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warrell and William J. Conway of the circus organization, were among the mourners.

The eight and one-half foot coffin of mahogany was so large that it was necessary to lower it through the window to the street with a block and tackle. It was so long the doors of the hearse could not be closed.

Over a thousand persons, mostly children, stood in the rain an hour while the funeral services were in progress. Capt. Auger's little bulldog "Ringling" stood whining beside the coffin throughout the ceremony, which was conducted by Elks Lodge No. 1, Manhattan. The crowd became so great during the lowering of the casket from the window that police reserves were necessary.

The grief of the midgets with whom the giant had been so long associated was touching to witness. Capt. Auger had been accustomed to carry them in his arms to the train when the circus was playing in rainy weather in small towns throughout the country. A sister, Mrs. James Prendergast of Fairfield, Conn., was present. Capt. Auger is survived by his wife, Mrs. Prendergast and a brother and sister in England. His parents, who were of normal size, are both dead.

MYSTERY OF A LIGHT

The mystery of the light that has been kept burning thirty-two years in the vestibule of the old Walters mansion on Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore, Md., may be cleared up by the death recently of Mrs. Jennie Walters Delano, aged 70, at her home, 39 East Thirty-sixth street, New York City. She was the daughter of the late William T. Walters, millionaire founder of the Walters Art Gallery, which is connected to the residence, in front of which the light burns day and night. As the story goes, Walters objected to his daughter's marriage to Delano and in his will cut her off. But the "perpetual light" made its appearance soon after her wedding, and it was said by those professing intimate knowledge of the family's affairs that it represented repentance on the father's part—a repentance which he would not put into words.

It was said Mrs. Delano's brother, Henry Walters, of New York and Baltimore, gave her one-half the vast fortune left by their father. Members of the family have denied the disinheritance story.

The aged caretaker at the mansion refused to discuss the mysterious light the other day, and it still burns. The mansion, magnificently furnished with costly bronze front doors, has not been occupied for years.

Another explanation given years ago concerning the light was that it would continue to burn as long as a member of the Walters family lived.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

LACE BARK TREE

The lace bark tree grows in Jamaica. It is rather a small tree and has thick, glossy, green leaves. It stands about 20 feet high and is 6 inches in diameter. Its bark looks something like the bark of a birch tree. When the natives want a necktie or a dress or curtains or various other material is needed, they cut down one of these trees. Having cut down their tree, three strips of bark about 6 inches wide and 3 feet long are taken from the trunk and thrown into the water.

Then a man takes a strip while it is still in the water and with the point of his knife separates a thin layer of the inner bark from the end of the strip.

He then takes the end and pulls it gently. It comes off in an even sheet of the entire size of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets are taken from each strip of bark and thrown into the water.

Next the man takes one of these sheets and slowly and carefully stretches it sideways. The sheet widens gradually. From a piece of material closely woven, about 6 inches wide, it becomes a cloud of lace over 3 feet wide, snow white and delicate as a cloud. It wears well and stands repeated washing.

DIAMONDS GO AT SACRIFICE

The annual Brooklyn sale of diamonds, seized during the preceding year by the Federal authorities, chiefly from smugglers, was held in the Grand Jury room in the Federal Building, under the auspices of United States Marshal Jesse B. Moore. About 250 persons, chiefly jewelry merchants, including four women, gathered in the small room, crowding it to capacity, and leading the auctioneer, Harry Hyams, Jr., to forbid the taking of the stones away from the small table on which they were exposed.

Checks were received for payment, but 25 per cent. of the price had to be paid down in cash to secure the sale. No stone could be taken away until the end of the sale.

The entire lot had been appraised by the Government at \$26,000. The largest stone was a twelve-carat diamond, appraised by the Government at \$3,200. No sentimental or other special interest attached to any of the stones, it was said. Indeed, the authorities did not know to whom the jewels had belonged.

Most of the stones sold up to noon brought less than the appraised value. The first lot offered was a lady's small gold watch, sold for \$9, and the next was a pair of earrings, appraised at \$500, and sold for \$325. Then the diamonds, mostly unset, were offered. A large inset diamond, appraised at \$1,000, sold for \$.70, and two pair of twin diamonds, valued at \$2,000 a pair, sold for \$725 and \$600 a pair respectively.

The total proceeds of the sale were about \$20,000. The twelve-carat diamond was sold for \$2,600, or \$600 less than the appraised value. The sale was in charge of Chief Deputy United States Marshal August Ferrand.

HISTORY OF NEW YORK PORT

At the recent American Marine Association's Exposition in the Grand Central Palace, Manhattan, the Port of New York Authority emphasized the international pre-eminence of the Port of New York and the necessity of preparing for its mission in the future handling of an even greater proportion of the nation's and the world's commerce.

The Port Authority, by charts and other means illustrated the program which has been adopted by the States of New York and New Jersey and approved by Congress for the coordination and extension of port facilities. The Commissioners are now actively engaged on the first steps in consummation of that plan, after a long series of conferences with the representatives of all interests doing business within the port.

At the same time the Port Authority is seeking to arouse special interest in its display through the use of models and photographs of the old style ships which helped to make so interesting the history of the port. In this connection, one of the posters gives some illuminating facts about early New York history, from which the following is quoted:

The first vessel built in the Port of New York was launched about 1614 and said to be 44 1-2 feet long and 16 tons capacity.

The earliest known manifest of a vessel clearing from the port, in 1626, shows a cargo of 7,246 beaver skins and 1,000 skins of other animals, together with oak timber and hickory, valued at \$25,000 to \$50,000.

Peter Minuit brought about the construction of the New Netherland, of a little over 600 tons, which proved too large for the traffic, and Minuit was recalled as Governor for his extravagance.

In 1694, more than 600 of the 983 buildings of the City of New York were devoted to trade in flour, the export of which greatly helped in the early upbuilding of the port. At that time 128 vessels hailed from the Port of New York; in 1678 there were only 15.

The first northern-built clipper, the Rainbow, was built in 1845, on the East River in what is now Greenpoint, and soon thereafter made the fastest voyage to China, around the Horn, in 92 days and returned in 88 days. This famous vessel was wrecked in the treacherous waters of the Horn in 1848.

The last of the famous New York-San Francisco packets, the Sarah, was also lost in the early fifties, along with the noted clipper, Reporter.

The monarch of all the clippers, the Great Republic, was built in 1853, and of 4,565 tons capacity. She carried over 20 sails.

Another of the Port Authority's posters pictures New York's foremost place as the most concentrated market in the world. It shows the great metropolitan zone with more than 8,000,000 population and 105 municipalities, headed by New York City.

HUGE HERD OF SEALS FOR PRIBILOF ISLANDS

Led by a monster bull, a herd of several thousand seals from Ano Nuevo Islands, off the California coast passed Cape Flattery recently on their annual pilgrimage to Pribilof Islands, Bering Sea, where the pups will be born.

According to the lighthouse keeper at To-toosh Island, the seals when sighted were travelling rapidly in a dense formation, now and then one leaping almost out of the water to regain lost positions.

After sojourning in the Bering Sea rookery for two months the herd will return to Ano Nuevo Islands for the entertainment of the winter tourists. This year the famous herd is from three to five weeks later than usual in beginning the run for the Arctic mecca, which gives rise to many prognostications regarding the weather for the late summer. Some are led to remark that it will be a warm late fall with much Indian haze, others that the midsummer months are to usher in a heated period of great intensity with many forest fires.

Indians declare, however, that late cold spells in the North instinctively warned the sea is not to start north too early.

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